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Elizabeth

THE
TRAGICAL HISTORIE
OF OUR LATE BROTHER
ROBERT, EARL OF ESSEX

BY THE AUTHOR OF
HAMLET, RICHARD III, OTHELLO,
AS YOU LIKE IT, ETC.
AND OF THE NEWLY DISCOVERED TRAGEDY,
MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

DECIPHERED
FROM THE WORKS OF
SIR FRANCIS BACON,

BY
ORVILLE W. OWEN, M. D.

DETROIT, MICH.
HOWARD PUBLISHING COMPANY,
LONDON
GAY & BIRD, 5, CHANDOS STREET.

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PUBLISHERS NOTE.

The present volume, "The Tragical History of Our Late Brother, Earl of Essex," is published separately, out of its consecutive order, being complete in itself, and of the most thrilling interest and historical value, that it may be the earlier enjoyed as one of the marvels of literature, in advance of its appearance as a part of the later books of the series of Sir Francis Bacon's Cipher Writings.

Like its immediate predecessor, "The Tragedy of Mary Queen of Scots," it has been deciphered from the Shakespeare Plays, and other works of Bacon, by means of the Cipher system, discovered by Doctor Owen, through which the hidden histories are being brought to light.

In the first book of the "Cipher Story," issued in October, 1893, was the astounding statement that the great Chancellor was the son of Queen Elizabeth and Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester; and that Robert, Earl of Essex, was his brother. Corroboration of this is found in the recently published British "Dictionary of National Biography," Vol. 16, page 114, under the heading "Dudley:—

"Whatever were the Queen's relations with Dudley before his wife's death, they became closer after. It was reported that she was formally betrothed to him, and that she had secretly married him in Lord Pembroke's house, *and that she was a mother already.*"—*January, 1560-1.*

"In 1562 the reports that Elizabeth had children by Dudley were revived. One Robert Brooks, of Devizes, was sent to prison for publishing the slander, and seven years later a man named Marsham, of Norwich, was punished for the same offence."

This Tragedy confirms the statement.

The Comedy referred to in the Prologue is now being translated.

"The players that come forth, will to the life present
The pliant men that we as masks employ:
An excellent device to tell the plot,
And all our cipher practice to display."

HOWARD PUBLISHING CO.

March, 1895.

INTRODUCTION.

The work of deciphering the literature, in which the Cipher of Sir Francis Bacon is found, reveals details of English history of wonderful interest, which only a participant in the events could record. Inwrought into this literature was hidden the "Tragedy of Mary Queen of Scots," embracing Mary's attempts to gain the English crown, her trial, and her tragic end, written as a Play. This was published in December, 1894, and has been pronounced a masterpiece. Portions of it were found in every play attributed to Shakespeare, and in the writings of Spenser, Peele, Greene, Marlow, Burton, and Francis Bacon. Although a remarkable production, it is believed to be the first of Bacon's writings of historical drama in Cipher, and it is chiefly drawn from the earlier works and plays, before they were re-written and enlarged in 1608-17-23, incorporating later histories, and matters of profound philosophical significance.

This "Tragedy of Essex," obtained from the same sources, is a later production, and bears the impress of greater skill, more experience, and far more intense personal feeling. In it are interwoven most important passages of Bacon's own life. It explains Bacon's participation in the trial and conviction of Essex, who had been his benefactor, and the seeming ingratitude which has so long been thought a blot upon the fame of the Lord High Chancellor. It was a life for a life! Essex was foredoomed to death. The Queen sought excuse in law for the deed; her commands were imperative:—

Queen. * * * Robert Essex was
A worthy officer i' th' wars, but insolent,
O'er-come with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving, and affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.

Francis Bacon. O, I think not so. * *

Q. Villain! I'll set a point against thy breast.
If thou dost not use most dear employment
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And strew a hungry churchyard with thy limbs:
The time and my intents are savage wild,
More fierce and more inexorable far,
Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.
Put not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury. O, begone! * *

F. B. To revenge is no valor, but to bear. * *
To be in anger, is impiety.

Q. But who is born that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd blows;
Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted power;
Both are alike, and both alike we like:
One must prove greatest.

F. B. Believe this, Madam,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the King's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Becomes them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does. * *

Q. I was not born to die on Essex' sword!
* * In the name o' th' people,
And in the power of us their Queen, we
Will push destruction and perpetual shame
Out of the weak door of our fainting land.
See, here in bloody lines we have set down
And what is written shall be executed;
Your brother is to die, as his offences
Are accounted to the law.

F. B. O your Grace,
Are not you then as cruel as the sentence?
I know no law, Madam, that answering
One foul wrong, lives but to act another.

Q. Be satisfied;
Your treacherous brother dies; be content.

F. B. Oh, it is excellent, your Majesty,
To have a giant's strength: but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

Q. Peace, peace sir, peace.
Were I not the better part made of mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present, thou traitor.

* * Look to it, thou villain,
Thy life's dependent on thy brother's death.
Let our instruction to thee be thy guide,
Under penalty of thine own false head.

F. B. I do partly understand your meaning.

Q. Why then, go get thee home, thou fragment vile.
Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
'Tis death for death, a brother for a brother:
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;
Like doth quit like, and measure still for measure.

THE PROLOGUE.

Scattered through the Shakespeare Plays are some of the most beautiful thoughts and poetic conceptions, which have become familiar household words. But they are fragmentary, and interpolated with, and surrounded by, irrelevant and incongruous matters, neither suggesting them, or by them suggested. The appearance of a ghost in Hamlet is inconsistent with

The undiscovered country, from whose borne
No traveller returns.

The CIPHER gathers these fragments together in proper sequence, in the Prologue to this Tragedy of Essex, where they take the form of a soliloquy, embodying the deepest philosophy concerning things natural and spiritual, temporal and eternal. It is a retrospect, and a wail of remorse, as well as a speculation as to the future state. This wonderful Prologue can only be measured from the point of view of its author, FRANCIS BACON. Lost in reminiscence and contemplation, he weighs that destiny which has been beyond his control,

Which hath the primal curse upon it, a brother's murder.

To the Seven Ages of Man, so well known as an epitome of human life, the CIPHER adds another, which rounds out and finishes the story with the "exit," from human view, of all that is mortal.

Last scene of all
That ends this strange eventful history,
The old man dies; and on the shoulders of his brethren
To the heavy knolled bells is borne,
In love and sacred pity, through the gates
Of the holy edifice of stone, where all in white
The goodly vicar meets them and doth say:—
"I am the resurrection and the life;"
And then doth mount the pulpit stairs and doth begin:—
"O Lord have mercy on us wretched sinners!"
The people answering cry as with one voice:—
"O Lord have mercy on us wretched sinners!"
Then through the narrow winding church-way paths,
With weary task foredone, under the shade
Of melancholy boughs, gently set down
Their venerable burden, and from the presence
Of the sun they lower him into the tomb,
To sleep, perchance to dream; aye, there's th' rub,
For in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,
When we have shuff'd off this mortal coil,

Must give us pause. To die, to sleep, to dream
No more ; and by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, is a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. For in our graves,
After life's fitful fever, one sleeps well.

* * * * *

But for our conscience then, we'd rear our hand
And play the Roman fool and die on our own sword :
We, with three inches of this obedient steel,
No better than the earth ourselves could make.
O what a sleep were this, if 'twere perpetual !
But there's a prohibition so divine
Against self-slaughter, in the Holy Scripture,
It cravens our weak hand and doth return
The sword obedient to the scabbard.

The decipherer can understand perhaps better than another, the feeling that the translated text lacks some of the qualities called Shakespearean. The Plays are full of ambiguous incongruities and obscure allusions that have the charm of mystery, and excite wonder at the genius, that from such distant and widely scattered sources could draw its inspiration. The commentators have failed to explain them. When, however these expressions are segregated, and rounded out by the additions which the Cipher brings from the other works, they become smooth, reasonable, and historically accurate, and the great thoughts of that great constructive genius, the author of them all, are presented in their primal form.

ORVILLE W. OWEN.

Detroit, February, 1895.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Queen Elizabeth,
Earl of Essex,
Francis Bacon,
Secretary Cecil,
Chief Justice,
Lord Chamberlain,
Lord High Admiral,
Lord Keeper,
Comptroller,
Earl of Worcester,
Earl of Lincoln,
Earl of Southampton,
Earl of Rutland,
Gray,
Pembroke,
Derby,
Oxford,
Blount,
Raleigh,

Bishop of Winchester,
Lords and Gentlemen,

Huntsman,
Forester,
Falconer,
First Jailor,
Second Jailor,
Porter,
Messenger,
Page,
Captain,
Guard,
Soldiers.

Lady Essex and Child,
First Lady,
Second Lady,
Maid,

Court ladies, judges, peers, lawyers, citizens, servants, etc.

The Tragical Historie of our Late Brother, Earl of Essex.

[PROLOGUE.]

SIR :—

This wide and universal theatre, the world,
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play the orator. When we are born,
We cry that we are come to this great stage
Of fools, and do beguile ourselves with antique fage
Like to comedians: for all the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being eight ages. At first the infant,
Mewling, and puking in the nurse's arms,
Then, the whining school-boy with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then, a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the justice,
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws, and modern instances,
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,

as you like it
II.

With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side,
 His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shanke, and his big manly voice,
 Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound. The scene doth change
 To second childishness, and mere oblivion,
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.
 Last scene of all

That ends this strange eventful history,
 The old man dies; and on the shoulders of his brethren
 To the heavy knollèd bells is borne,
 In love and sacred pity, through the gates
 Of the holy edifice of stone, where all in white
 The goodly vicar meets them and doth say:—
 “I am the resurrection and the life;”
 And then doth mount the pulpit stairs and doth begin:—
 “O Lord have mercy on us wretched sinners!”
 The people answering cry as with one voice:—
 “O Lord have mercy on us wretched sinners!”
 Then through the narrow winding church-way paths,
 With weary task foredone, under the shade
 Of melancholy boughs, gently set down
 Their venerable burden, and from the presence
 Of the sun they lower him into the tomb,
 To sleep, perchance to dream; aye, there's th' rub,
 For in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,
 When we have shuffl'd off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause. To die, to sleep, to dream
 No more; and by a sleep, to say we end
 The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to, is a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd. For in our graves,

After life's fitful fever, one sleeps well. } *mac*
 Aye better to be with the dead, whom we our peace
 To gain have sent to peace, than eat our meals in fear
 And sleep in the affliction of terrible dreams
 That shake us nightly. O the torture of the mind
 That doth lie in restless extasie, the subject
 Of its watch, dread murder and doleful death!
 Blood hath been shed ere now, i'th' olden time
 Ere human statute purg'd the general weal:
 Aye, and since too, murders have been perform'd
 Too terrible for the ear. The time has been, } *mac. III*
 That when the brains were out the man would die,
 And there an end: But now they rise again
 With twenty mortal murders at their crowns,
 And push us from our stools. Then as present fears
 Are less than horrible imaginings,
 To die, to sleep, to dream, to wake no more,
 And tenderly to lie deep in our graves
 Under the prettiest daisied-plot that our good friends
 Can find, may drive us yet to render up
 This hopeless life, which drawn on with torture,
 We have liv'd from day to day, through fear
 That the straight narrow path to death, was damn'd.
 To be, or not to be, then, that's the question: } *Ham. III*
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And by opposing end them. } There's the respect
 That makes calamity of so long life;
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 The oppressor's wrong, the poor man's contumely,
 The pangs of dispris'd love, the law's delay, } *Ham*

The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin? Who would these fardles bear,
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
 But that the dread of something after death,
 The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
 No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of?
 Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all,
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er, with the pale cast of thought,
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,
 With this regard their currents turn away,
 And lose the name of action.

But for our conscience then, we'd rear our hand
 And play the Roman fool and die on our own sword:
 We, with three inches of this obedient steel,
 No better than the earth ourselves could make.

O what a sleep were this, if 'twere perpetual!

But there's a prohibition so divine

Against self-slaughter, in the Holy Scripture,
 It cravens our weak hand and doth return
 The sword obedient to the scabbard.

For to be clapp'd in hell, with strange and several noises
 Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
 And more diversity of sounds all horrible,
 Makes us irresolute: why do we yield
 To this suggestion, whose so horrid image
 Doth unfix our hair, and make our seated heart
 Knock at our ribs against the use of nature?

Because, O my dear lord, our offense is rank :
It smells to heaven : it hath the primal curse upon 't,
A brother's murder.] And sir, to our grief,
Though our compell'd sins stand more for number
Than accompt, we look upon him nightly ;
But in this Cipher we will free ourselves.
Here can we smile, and murder while we smile,
And wet our cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame our face to all occasions.
We'll drown more sailors than the mermaids shall,
We'll slay more gazers than the Basilisk,
We'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could,
And like a Synon take another Troy ;
We will add colours to the cameleon,
Change shapes with Proteus for advantages,
And set murtherous Machievill to school.
Pronouncing still, like players on the stage,
We will unmask as strange abuse in this,
As ever offer'd foul play in a state.
Our song hath not been play'd on ivory harp
With silver string, thy senses to allure,
But noble verse and tragic scene, and act,
We have employèd here. Thus we recount
Our famous tale in sobbing notes and sighs,
And with bubbling tears and much ado
Rehearse these tragedies.
And when our younger brother's play is done,
We'll play a comedy, my lord, wherein
The players that come forth, will to the life present
The pliant men that we as masks employ :
An excellent device to tell the plot,

Ham 111 3

printed
EUREKA

And all our cipher practice to display.
 A dire induction this to us would prove,
 If the good truth were known, that thus we mask
 Our younger brother's noble life and death;
 And how that bitter, black and wicked wretch,
 With mortal hatred and aspiring mind,
 By secret treason robb'd him of his life.
 If it should hap at time unseasonable,
 This ancient tale should be again new told,
 Then would we be undone. Thou swor'st once,
 That whiles the warm life playèd in these veins,
 Thou would'st not speak. With admonition double, treble,
 We pray thee swear continuance awhile,
 Else verily we shall be hang'd for it;
 And on the scaffold as a stage, my lord,
 Extempore we'd have a tragic play,
 Where the chief actor's part we would present.
 Should we such prologue to a tragic scene rehearse,
 The very torrent, tempest and whirlwind
 Of our discordant passion, would move storms
 Of tears in the great wav'ring multitude.
 'Twould a good play to our spectators prove,
 For we would drown the stage with sighs and tears,
 And cleave the gener'l ear with horrid speech,
 Make mad the guilty and appall the free;
 Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed
 The very faculty of eyes and ears.
 Yet God in heaven make thee free of it,
 When we are clad with immortality,
 For thou shalt reap an honour sevenfold,
 And deck with shining stars and novel lamps
 The flaming heaven huge. The Curtain's drawn. Begin.

The Tragical Historie of our Late
Brother, Earl of Essex.

IN FIVE ACTS.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Horns wind and Trumpets sound. Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH bearing her huntspear bravely in her hand, with her hounds, greyhounds, and dogs. The Huntsman, Forester, Falconer, and Court in presence.

Queen Elizabeth. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender
well my hounds;

Brach Merriman, the poor cur is imbest;
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd Brach.
Saw't thou not how Silver made it good
At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

Huntsman. Why, Belman is as good, my Queen;
He cried upon it at the merest loss,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent;
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Q. Thou art a fool! if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such;
But sup them well and look unto them all;
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

Hunt. I will your majesty.

Q. I love to hear the music of my hounds,
Uncoupled in the western valley deep;

Or up on th' mountain's top mark th' musical
Confusion of hounds and echo in conjunction :
Never did I hear such gallant chiding
As when in a wood to-day, they bayed the bear ;
For besides the groves, the skies, the fountains,
Ev'ry region near seem'd all one mutual cry.
I never heard so musical a discord,
Such sweet thunder as the hounds performed.
My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So slew'd, so sanded, and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew ;
Crook-kneed and dew-lapt, like Thessalian bulls,
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each ; a cry more tunable
Was never hallowed to, nor cheered with horns.
But I am weary ; give me leave awhile :
Girl, reach me a chair,—so, now a footstool :
Fie, my bones ache ! what a jaunt have I had !
I am so out of breath ; I would'st thou had'st my bones ;
I am dead, alack ! yet now girl, methinks
I feel a little ease. Here puppy, here ;
It goes hard when a servant plays the cur
With one ; look thou, puppy, I brought thee up,
Sav'd thee from fearful death by drowning,
When three or four of thy blind brothers and sisters
Went to it. I have taught thee precisely,
Yet thou hadst no more wit than to take fault ;
O 'tis a foul thing when a cur cannot keep scent :
But to dally thus with thee is not a fit toy ;
Go find some other playfellow ; greedy pleasures
Thou thinkest more upon than good labour ;
I am aweary of thee. In the brook

Thou fool, I'll have thee drown'd. But who comes here?

Page. Your majesty, here comes *(Enter Page.)*

The noble Earl of Essex and of Ewe,

And good Master Francis Bacon with him.

Q. O ominous! they come to kill my hart.

(Enter Essex and Bacon.)

How now, my Lord of Essex; thou haunt'st me;

One hour, one minute, one quiet breath of rest

Thou dost not let me have. Every one knows

I am as tormented by thee, my lord,

And Master Bacon there behind thee, sir,

As thou wert two of Friar Bacon's devils.

Leave me good gentlemen; ladies farewell. *(Exit train.)*

Now, good my lord, what news?

Earl of Essex. Your majesty, this is the news at full;

I am advisèd that through treachery,

All your northern Irish castles are yielded up

Unto the rebel earl; and upon his faction,

In arms are all your sothern gentlemen.

I play the torturer by small, and small,

To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken.

Q. Beshrew thee! thou hast said enough, my lord;

That villain Irish earl, I'll be his death!

He, like Actæon peeping through the grove,

Shall by the angry goddess be transform'd,

And running in the likeness of an hart,

By yelping hounds pull'd down and seen to die:

I will hunt this cursèd solitary,

And make the sword and target, my fell hounds

To pull down this untamèd Irish beast.

Cold and rheumatic is the evening air

So for to-night, my lord, leave me. Farewell. *(Exeunt.)*

*Actus Primus. Scena Secunda.**(Room in the Palace.)**Enter* QUEEN ELIZABETH *and the* LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

Queen. Lord Chamberlain, hath the Lord Admiral
Come yet?

Lord Chamberlain. Nay, an't please your majesty.

Q. I bade him come at twelve; I pray thee sir,
How goes the time? I have not heard the clock;
I tak't 'tis later?

L. C. Nay, and't please your majesty.

Q. What sir, not yet twelve? God grant us patience;
May God confound such times that drum us from our sport:

(Enter Essex, Admiral and Secretary Cecil.)

Ha! who knocks? Welcome, my Lord of Essex;
Welcome, Master Secretary Cecil;
Welcome my lords to you all: Chamberlain,
Give leave awhile, we must talk in secret.

(Exit Chamberlain.)

Lord Earl, that great Alcides of Ireland,
Earl Patrick of Tyrone, the thrice villain,
Hath by a stratagem most delicate,
Cruelly slain our soldiers. The forces
That marchèd forth against him, were by him
Compellèd to give battle unawares:
We had the worst: of thirty thousand men
There scap'd not full five thousand from the field,
And these with all celerity were pursued
Unto Cork, whose Lord Mayor craves us aid
To defend the city from the rebels.

Under the command of our good kinsman,
Sir William, who is a valiant captain,
We have concluded at once to transport,
With all speed possible unto Ireland,
Our forces. He should well enough be able,
With expert soldiers twenty thousand strong,
To scatter, as a flight of birds, the wild,
Untamèd Irish Kernes, and likewise to
Rattle fast away that great swarm of bees.

Es. Will your grace send this fellow to Ireland
As governor? You know, in reversion,
'Twas promisèd to Master George Carew;
Aye, and besides, indeed your royal grace,
If that you would shake off the slavish yoke,
Imp out your country's broken Irish wing,
Redeem from broaking pawn the blemish'd crown,
That the Cecils, father and son, have pawn'd,
Wipe off the dust that hides your sceptre's gilt,
And make high majesty look like itself.

Sec. Cecil. My lord, your honor knows my great father
Hath no store of gold; then be certain, sir,
Of what you do say here, least injustice
Prove violence, in the which three great ones suffer;
The Queen, yourself, and my noble father.

Es. Thy father hath the English realm in farm;
The Queen's grown bankrupt like a broken man,
Reproach and dissolution hangeth over her,
For Burleigh, like a sponge, doth drain her dry.
I hope I shall, sir, do nobody wrong
To speak what I do truly think of thee.
Deserve I blame for my mind imparting
Unto her majesty? Is it not true

Thy great-great-great-grandfather was a Jew,
And in all likelihood, a usurer?

Art thou not his son's son's son, thou deformèd dog?

Sec. Thou call'st me a dog before thou hast a cause,
But since I am a dog, beware my phangs!
Thou art no friend to God, or to the Queen.

Es. Hold thy peace!

Thy father hath not money for these Irish wars
(His burthenous taxations notwithstanding)
But by robbing of the Queen's majesty.

Q. My lord,

We may not, nor we will not suffer this—

Es. This torment to the crown, this crafty knave is
sick—

Q. I think his understanding is bereft!

My lord Earl, dost thou know who speaks to thee?

Es. Now put it, heaven, in his physician's mind,
To help him to his grave immediately:
The lining of his coffers shall make coats
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.

Q. Thou fool! dost thou hear, thou saucy lackey?
Ha! under this habit play'st thou the knave with me?
Thou would'st play a king's part, would'st thou, thou fool?
Thou speakest like an asse and actest like a clown.
Take thou that!— (*Gives him a box on the ear.*)

Es. Gods me!

Am I nothing but the composition
Of a knave, beggar, coward, fool, pander,
And the son and heir of a mungrell bitch,
That in public thus thou strik'st me, madam?
Though I lose my head by telling thee, know
Thy dead father durst not, without warrant

Thus have struck me! For this box of the ear,
Rude princess, I will dearly requite thee.
God-a-mercy!

Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my brain
To do some fatal execution, Queen, on thee.

Q. Thou ill advisèd man, peace, thou knave, peace!

Es. Thou mayest be a queen that checks the world,
But trust me, Queen, I fear thee not a whit!
My evil nature thou hast now awak'd.

(Essays to draw his sword.)

Lord Admiral. Stay, my lord earl, stay! lay down
your weapon!

Mark you, 'tis expressly against the law
To thus lay violent hands upon your sword.

Es. Shall I endure villainy? despiteful,
Intolerable wrongs? may this be borne?
Nor hair, nor age, nor sex, nor honour shall
Shape unto privilege this deadly mock!
Away I say!

Q. My Lord High Admiral,
Stand thou back; let me talk to him one word.
I will slay thee unless thou do submit!
Thou fool! break off thy speech, thou insolent!
More than my hand I will give unto thee:
Sirrah, I'll let thee understand I yet am Queen.

Es. I do defy thee!

Q. Call in our soldiers.

L. Ad. Pray heaven, Lord Robert, away, away!

Es. I will go when I please. Tush! I tell you
I fear not this termagant king in petticoats!

Q. What! darest thou look a lion in the face?

My lord avoid, or by my soul, I vow
 I will have thee whipped to very rags :
 To tatters will I tear thee : yea, I will
 Whip thee, till like a boy, thou cringe and whine
 Aloud for mercy. (*All in a chafe, cursing and swear-*
 ing, the earl breaks away.)

Alas, poor boy, so dry he is for sway
 That he pursues my life with deadly hate.
 Yet do I not despair of my young lion !
 How bravely did he brave me in my seat !
 Methought he bore him here as doth a lion
 In a wild herd of neat, or as a bear
 Encompass'd round with dogs, who having pinch'd
 A few and made them cry, the rest stand all aloof
 And bark at him. Soft, sirs, comes he not back ?

Sec. He hath gone, my Queen.

Q. Follow thou the earl, my lord ! I pray thee
 Go seek him, I would speak unto him here.

(*Exeunt.*)

Actus Primus. Scena Tertia.

CECIL, Solus.

Cecil. 'I beseech you follow him, my good lord :'
 I'll not budge an inch ; let him come to me,
 This grave adviser of the common weal,
 This prudent counsellor unto the Queen,
 Whose wit is busied with his mistress' heart,
 This thrice- honourable Earl of Essex !

Ha! must I do reverence unto him,
And bear disgrace with patience? I do bear
Such mortal love unto his great goodness,
That out of holy pity, he shall be
Absolvèd with an axe. Soft, here he comes!

(*Enter Essex.*)

Lord Earl, pardon this my interruption;
I, by attorney, greet thee from the Queen.
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it, but to stubborn spirits,
They swell and grow as terrible as storms.
She says thou speak'st brave words, swear'st brave oaths,
And break'st them bravely, quite traverse athwart
Her heart, like as a young puny tilter,
Who strongly spurs his horse but on one side,
And breaks his staff like to a noble goose,
And art so choleric and so testy
That no man may speak with thee, and therefore,
Thou must from the court, take a short farewell.

Es. Well sir, least being missed, here is a box;
I had it from the Queen; it is precious,
And I pray you carry it unto her,
And wear it in your black, false heart, for 'tis
A joint burden laid, sir, upon us both;
Take it along with you!

(*Strikes him.*)

Ce. By heaven, my lord, thy tears shall wash away
This cold, congealèd blood that glues my lips,
And will not let me speak.

Es. Oh, I thank thee for so good counsel, sir!
But were the sum of these that I should pay,
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them all
To make this tender on thy wicked lips.

But learn of us that thou, for punishment,
 Shalt melt in showers and sorrowful drops;
 A tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
 Thou shalt receive from me. Now run away,
 And wash thy blood-stain'd face.

(*Exit Esser.*)

Ce. I'll make this cruelty known unto the Queen.

(*Exeunt.*)

Actus Primus. Scena Quarta.

(*Room in the Palace.*)

QUEEN and CECIL.

Queen. What means the scorn of this untoward knave?
 Had he none else to make a stale but me?
 Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow:
 I am the one that rais'd him to his state,
 And I'll be chief to bring him down again.
 Pray you begone, away!

(*Exit Cecil.*)

Pity me God:
 My thoughts are humbled unto Thy great will.
 O heaven! of life I am awearry:
 I that never weep, now melt with woe,
 That my ungracious son doth hate me so.

(*Exeunt.*)

Actus Primus. Scena Quinta.

(Room in Essex House.)

Enter my LORD ESSEX and his Wife.

Lady Essex. My lord, all men's eyes are upon you
now :

Your rash and sudden choler at the Queen
At the very instant this conspiracy
Is working, was foolish : it was fatal
To break forth and pick a quarrel, first
With Cynthia, and then with Tambourlaine.

Essex. Go on, go on ! thou canst not speak too much :
I have deserv'd all tongues to talk their bitterest.
Alas ! I have shew'd too much the rashness
Of a woman.

L. Es. And thou wert best look to 't :
For if thou dost him any slight disgrace,
Or if he do not mightily on thee
Grace himself, he will practice against thee
By poison, and trap thee by some treacherous
Device, and will never leave thee, my lord,
'Till by some indirect means or other,
He hath ta'en thy life.

Es. Aye, 'tis so, indeed.
Yet by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,
(The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff)
I'll astonish all these fell, lurking curs,
With the very shaking of my chains ;
As on a mountain top the cedar shows,
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,

I'll hold my head aloft, and even thus
I'll quell the rebel and his 'complices.

L. Es. Dear lord, with patience hear me.

Es. Talk thy tongue weary: love's counsellor
Should fill the bores of hearing to th' smothering
Of the sense. Therefore speak, love; thou would'st say?—

L. Es. I do not know, my lord, what I would say;
Yet were it not better to die with mocks,
Than in a ditch to have thy head struck off?
O did'st thou never hear that things ill got
Had ever bad success?

Es. Full well hast thou playèd the orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force;
Meantime, I'll send for my brother, Bacon,
And 'till he comes, I'll leave unquestionèd
Matters of needful value; so farewell. (*Exeunt.*)

Actus Primus. Scena Sexta.

Room in Essex House.

Enter FRANCIS BACON and the EARL OF ESSEX.

Francis Bacon. Brother, to fall from heaven unto
hell,
To be cubbed up upon a sudden,
Will kill you. How perplexèd will you be.
Remember, Robert Duke of Normandy,
Imprisonèd, pinèd away with grief.
That generous captain, great Jugurtha,

When brought to Rome and there imprisonèd,
 Through anguish of his soul, of melancholy died.
 What then, my brother, shall become of you
 If you shall chance in this to catch a fall?
 It is my duty thus to counsel you :
 When I was sick you gave me bitter pills,
 And I must minister the like to you.
 Where is your army, sir; from whence comes it?
 O tell me, then, tell me how you do hope
 To battle with the Queen, and play the thief
 With England's golden crown?

Essex. 'Tis unworthy to brag what I have done,
 Or what will do, to line this enterprise,
 But you shall know this strong right hand of mine
 Can pluck the diadem from her faint hand,
 And wring the awful scepter from her fist,
 Were she as famous and as bold in war,
 As she is fam'd for misbegotten rage.
 Where is your ancient courage? You were us'd
 To say extremitie was the trier of spirits;
 That common chances, common men could bear :
 But now, my brother, unto me you read
 Cold, sickly and damnèd terms of honour.
 If you pretend no title to the crown,
 And will not now proclaim yourself our king,
 Upon the maiden virtue of the crown,
 I'll do a rape. And brother, if in peace
 She does not just and lineal entrance
 To our own permit, I doubt not but I
 Unto reason shall soon persuade her grace.

F. B. Peace, peace, peace!

Your strong hand and strength, my lord, shall help you

To ascend to heaven. Have I disclaim'd
 My land, legitimation, name and all,
 Cut off the sequence of posterity,
 And made myself a subject unto you?
 Am I not yet the rightful Prince of Wales?

Es. Well, let your heirs (God if thy will be so)
 Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,
 With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days.
 England long was mad, and scarr'd the brother
 With the brother's sword; the sire, with the son's;
 All this divided York and Lancaster.
 O now, let not our dear, loving England
 Be again divided in a dire division:
 Therefore, dear brother, live and be a king,
 And may a hopeful branch spring from your loins
 To call you father, and enjoy the crown
 Until the rafters of the earth be rent
 From off the poles. Our cares shall be alike
 In this, and you and I will live and die
 Together.

F. B. Thanks, my gentle lord, for your fair promise.
 I am right sorry, but I must from hence
 Least being missèd, I be suspected:
 So brother, I will say no more; farewell.

(*Exit Bacon.*)

ESSEX, solus.

There spake my brother! there my father's grave
 Did utter forth a voice! my dear brother,
 When all other engines fail, flies away.
 I thought at least he would have said to me,
 'Be you our king,'—aye, by my faith, did I.
 I know well that he will not forsake me,

Yet, since he is the eldest son o' th' Queen,
I will watch him with most careful, tender
Observation, for I fear some ambush:
Men build their evils on the graves of men.
I would I were sole child unto the Queen—
Why should she live to fill the world with words!
I cannot love her, nor will strive to do 't,
But I'll use means to make my brother king:
Yet as he, Francis, has neither claimed it,
Or deserved it,—he cannot have it!
His highness, '*Francis First*,' shall repose him
At the tower; fair, or not fair I will
Consign my gracious brother thereunto.
Yes, he must die; he is much too noble
To conserve a life in base appliances;
He hath in him such a mind of honour
He'll never make an assay 'gainst the Queen;
Were there twenty brothers betwixt the crown
And me, I would make it mine. How am I
To calm the tempest whirling in the court?
Let me see—marry, thus—to Ireland
Will I go: on that coast, my blazing star
Must like a shining meteor appear;
Then, by the Lord, my vagrant ensign first
Upon th' Irish horizon I'll display,
And so to save myself I will away.

(*Exeunt.*)

*Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.**(Room in the Palace.)*

QUEEN ELIZABETH and Lords.

Queen. All speak praise of him, and the blearèd sights
 Are spectaclèd to see him pass along ;
 The kitchen malkin pins her richest lockram
 'Bout her reechie neck, clambling the walls
 To eye him. The stalls, the bulks, the windows
 Are smother'd up, leads filled, and ridges horsed
 With variable complexions, all 'greeing
 In earnestness to see him. The nobles
 Do press among the popular common throng,
 And puff to win the vulgar station.
 Yea, even our veilèd dames commit for him,
 The native white and damask red within
 Their nicely gawded cheeks, unto the war
 And wanton spoil o' Phœbus' burning kisses.
 To purge his humours ill, and cool his hopes,
 Unto Ireland he shall at once be sent,
 And there enforc'd to make on the wild Irish
 Rebels a wild chase. He's too affable,
 Too fair-spoken, and doth use strange sweetness
 And blandishments of words ; he must away.
 A brace of draymen did God-speed him well,
 And had the tribute of his supple knee
 With, 'thanks my countrymen, my loving friends,'
 As were our England in reversion his
 And he our subject's next degree in hope.
 How now ! what's the matter, Lord Chamberlain ?

Lord Chamberlain. My lord is here.

Q. Go fetch him hither, go!

(*Enter Essex.*)

My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you
My matter is so rash.

Essex. Hail to your grace :

I pray you, what is your pleasure, madam?

Q. You must away to Ireland, my lord Earl ;
The uncivil Kernes of Ireland are in arms,
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen.
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely, from each county some,
And try your hap against the Irishmen.

Es. I humbly thank your most royal highness ;
I am glad of this, for now, gracious Queen,
I shall have reason to show the love and duty
That I bear you, with a franker spirit.

Q. Stand all aloof but Essex ; draw you near,
Come hither. O league yourself with me,
'Till I have pleas'd my discontented peers,
Then no longer Earl of Essex, and of Ewe,
But, *Duke of York.* The next degree shall be
England's royal throne, for King of England
Shall you be proclaim'd in every borough ;
And he that throws not up his cap for joy,
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head :
Therefore my good lord, fortify your hopes.

Es. O you do mock me. My princely brother
Francis, your quandam son, tells me flatly
He is the only rightful Prince of Wales.

Q. The proud jack! 'tis true, if it comes to that,
He is Prince of Wales. But my dear lord,

For England's good, I'll order take to keep
 Him from the diadem; only this my
 Poor wretched soul torments; whether
 I will or no, you must depart to be
 Governor of Ireland, and there abide
 Till fortune once more calls you home again.
 Here, take my picture, and let me wear thine.

Es. I humbly thank your majesty;
 Towards Ireland to-morrow I will go.

Q. So be it, for it cannot be but you
 Will beat th' usurping rebels down to hell,
 And come into your kingdom; so farewell.

(*Exeunt.*)

Actus Secundus. Scena Secunda.

(*Room in Essex House.*)

LORD ESSEX, *solus.*

Now Essex, now or never, steel thy fearful thoughts
 And change misdoubt to resolution;
 Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art,
 Resign to death; it is not worth th' enjoying:
 Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,
 And find no harbour in a royal heart.
 Faster than spring-time showers, comes thought on thought,
 And not a thought but thinks on dignity.
 My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,
 Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
 Well nobles, well! 'tis politiciely done,

To send me packing with an host of men :
I fear me, you but warm the starvèd snake,
Who cherish'd in your breast, will sting your heart.
'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me ;
I take it kindly : yet be well assur'd,
You put sharp weapons in a mad-man's hands.
Whiles I, in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
I will stir up in England some black storm,
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven,—or hell :
And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage,
Until the golden circuit on my head,
Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.
I will not trust my mother, nor her oaths ;
But I will claim the crown by open war :
I'll meet her in the field, and in the end
I'll sieze the land, and by my lawful right
I will be king,—or die! I am resolv'd
Either to be restorèd to my blood,
Or make my will th' advantage of my good.
Now for the rebels which stand out in Ireland :
Expedient manage must be made of them,
Ere further leisure yield them further means
For their advantage, and our kingdom's loss.
And, for my coffers with too great a court
And liberal largess are grown somewhat light,—
What ho! (*Enter Captain.*)

Captain, go you unto the Queen,
And bid her send me presently a thousand pound.
Hold! take my ring; away! till you return
I'll rest me here; be secret and away,
To part the blessings of this happy day. (*Exeunt.*)

*Actus Secundus. Scena Tertia.**(Street in London.)*

EARL OF ESSEX and FRANCIS BACON.

Francis Bacon. Brother, be of good cheer; I warrant
you

We will all play our parts whiles you're away.
'Tis by all conjecture likely, that the Queen
Will unto Nature very quickly yield,
And call you home again. While you're away,
Do me the favour to dilate at full,
What God may please to send to you, my lord,
And what hostages to Fortune you have given.

Essex. I will, if 'twill pleasure you, let you know
What doth befall me: this on mine Honour,
I will perform with a most Christian care.
I truly will deliver and discourse
The sum of all. Leaving this, by my troth,
I fear me that damnable, both-sides rogue
Whom I did chastise, by some trick of state,
Will stand 'twixt me and my mother, the Queen,
And Sir Walter will on my downfall rise
To honour.

F. B. Faith sir, you need to fear him;
A crow he is, e'en a' th' same foul nest,
Not altogether so great as is the first
In goodness, but greater a great deal in evil.
Though he excels Robert for a coward,
Yet is Robert reputed one o' th' very best
That is, in cowardice. When we were boys,

In a retreat he would out-run a lackey ;
Marry, in coming on he had the cramp.
And I know that they will backbite you sir ;
They plainly have avowed to do you wrong.
Renownèd, rich and happy men, they hate,
And do repine at their felicity,
And would be glad you met with some mischance.

Es. Candied be they, and melt ere they molest.
But soft, I pray you,—we have lost our troop ;
By their trumpets, you may know they are gone
A contrary way. Come, come, let's follow.

F. B. Here must I say farewell to you, my lord ;
May God preserve your health, and grant you Fortune's good.

Es. Commend me to my wife ; farewell ; adieu.

(Exit Essex.)

BACON, *solus.*

Ah! what now rests but that I spend my time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Such as befit the pleasure of the court :
And let not my looks put on my purposes,
But look fresh and merrily to everyone,
And bear it as our English actors do,
Till I be deckèd in my lawful rights
That now I see another stallèd in.
"Pale jealousy, child of insatiate love,
Of heart-sick thoughts, of melancholy bred,
A hell tormenting fear, no hell can move
As discontent, with deadly poison fed."
Well, he is gone, and with him go these thoughts,
For deep malice too deep incision makes ;
Forget, forgive, conclude and be agreed,
As doctors say, this is no time to bleed.

(Exeunt.)

*Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.**(Audience Room in the Palace.)*

QUEEN ELIZABETH and Lords.

Queen. Why dost thou quiver, man?*Cecil.* Please it your grace to be advertised,

The great Earl is newly come from Ireland,

And with a puissant and a mighty power

Of Gallow-glasses, and stout Kernes,

Is marching hitherward in proud array,

And still proclaimeth as he comes along,

His arms are only to remove from thee

Thy counsellors, whom he doth traitors term :

Calls them false caterpillars, and intends their death.

Q. Good angels preserve me! this be sudden!

Does he think I, his some-time queen, be dead?

Or to be a king and win a world's new crown

Must I lose life and here be stricken down?

We'll withdraw awhile, and in the early morn

Provide us with some good messenger, who

Shall our purpose bring to him; so farewell.

My heart is heavy and mine age is weak,

Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.

*(Exeunt.)**Actus Tertius. Scena Secunda.**(Chamber of the Queen.)**Ladies of the Bed-chamber. Enter QUEEN in her Night
Robe, with a Candle in her Hand.**First Lady.* Lo! here she comes; this is her very guise.

Upon my life fast asleep. Observe her.

Second Lady. Merciful heaven! how came she by
that light?

F. L. Why it stood by her; continually
She has light by her, it is her command.
See, her eyes are open.

S. L. Aye, but their sense are shut;
Look! how she rubs her hands; what is it she does now?

F. L. Washing her hands. To seem thus is with her
An accustom'd action. I have known her
To continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Hark! she speaks; set you down what comes from her.

Queen. What noise is that? ha! who calls Elizabeth?
Bid every noise be still! peace! yet again!—

Who is it in the press that calls on me?

I hear a tongue shriller than all the music

Cry to me. Speak! I am turn'd to hear:

Were he a king of velvet I would talk with him.

O agony of death! O wash his wounds

And bid him come to take his last farewell!

O God! hark! see, see! O heavens forbend!

Nay, stare not masters,—know ye not I am

A mother mocked with two fair babes?

Nay, too long have I liv'd, when as my son

Thinks to abridge my days. Go seek him out.

Is he so hasty that he doth suppose

My sleep my death? In God's name what art thou?

Fell banning hag, enchantress, hold thy tongue!

A plaguing mischief light on him, and thee.

My soul is heavy and I fain would sleep.

F. L. Let us withdraw into the other room.

S. L. Speak low, she wakes.

Q. Leicester is dead! Mary is dead!
 God's secret judgment! I did dream to-night
 The Earl was dumb, and could not speak a word.
 O I have lov'd thee well, many a time
 Have danc'd thee on my knee, sung thee asleep,
 And made my loving breast thy pillow soft.
 Dead, dead, I know thou art! This night hath been
 So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
 That as I am a faithful Christian queen,
 I would not spend another such a night,
 Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days,
 So full of dismal terror was the time.
 This house is haunted with such fearful ghosts,
 Spirits of the dead, who again may walk
 And tell their secrets base to those asleep;
 My mother unto me this night appear'd,
 And did cry out kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill!
 Methought the Earl then 'gan to rage and rail,
 Cursing himself and God, and damning deep;
 Then saw I fast the red blood rayl adown,
 From head to foot and all his body steep.
 O it is monstrous, monstrous! my dear son
 In the ground is bedded, and I'll seek him
 Deeper than ere plummet sounded, and I'll
 Lie with him there. *(Starts to leave the room.)*

F. L. Come back, come back your highness;
 Come, go unto your bed; come, come; so, so.

Q. I'll not to bed to-night! let me alone.
 No no, I warrant thee I will not go;
 Canst thou tell me how long I have been here?

F. L. Certainly I can.

Q. By what, I pray? Wilt thou laugh me asleep?

O pity me, but do not speak to me;
Lead me to my chamber; 'tis now near day
And I will stir about. Go thou to bed.

F. L. God save your grace; it grieves me to see thee
Standing like one, as it were in a trance.

Q. I have dreamt
Of bloody turbulence; and this whole night
Has nothing been but shapes, and forms of slaughter.

F. L. O 'tis too true that thou hast something dreamt.

Q. Sweet, kneel thou down by me,—thy hands hold
up,—

Fall all together, and for mercy kneel:
Consort with me in loud and dear petition.

(They kneel and pray.)

O God, look and behold! timeless cruel death
Doth now stretch out his ugly sable wings
To carry my amazèd soul to heaven.

Thou knowest, God, that I am old, and past
All comforts here but holy prayers to Thee,
And that my task will soon performèd be:

And, O my Lord, my end must be despair
Unless I be relievèd thus by prayer

Which so pierces heaven, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees me from all faults.

Lord, thou dost know that all the fellowship
I now do hold with worldly men and earth,
Is only miserable wretchedness.

Direct me by Thy will, O Holy King,
That by Thy help and aid, I may again
Give my heart peace, sleep to my nights; amen.

F. L. Will't please your grace to go along with us?
Come, you look paler and paler, dear Queen:

Pray go with us unto your bed, and there
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber.

Q. Come then, come, and be thou not disturbèd
By my infirmity. I'll to my bed
And there repose till golden day doth break;
So good night.

Ladies. Your good grace, we wish you peace.

(*Exeunt.*)

Actus Tertius. Scena Tertia.

(*Outer Chamber of the Queen.*)

Ladies of the Bed Chamber.

First Lady. What noise is that! didst thou not hear
a noise?

Second Lady. I heard no noise.

F. L. Hark! Twice have the trumpets sounded!
Marry, what's he that now is here at door?
Stand! in the princess' name, O stand! sir, stand!

(*Enter Essex.*)

Essex. Peace I prithee, peace; I am Essex' Earl.

F. L. Have a care, my lord; you will wake the Queen
Who is disposed to sleep.

Es. Hence, hence, away!

F. L. My lord, you are unjust, and more than so:
You pass not here, lord; I'll keep this door safe.

(*Stands in front of the door.*)

Es. If she be up, I'll speak with her: if not,
Let her lie still, and dream: by your leave,—hoa!

I know her women are about her; what,
What! barr'st thou me my way!

Queen. Hoa! come hither!

Who i' th' second chamber so wildly talks?

F. L. Your grace, 'tis the noble Earl of Essex.

Q. Let him approach; call in my gentlewomen.

F. L. Gentlewomen, her royal highness calls.

My good lord Earl, the Queen would speak with you.

(Enter Essex and Gentlewomen.)

Q. Ah, my good lord Robert, give me your hand;
Come here; stand by me.

Es. O your majesty,

If I had had time to have new liveries made,
I would have bestowed the thousand pounds
I borrowed of thee.

Q. 'Tis no matter;
This poor show doth better; this doth infer
The zeal thou hast to see me.

Es. It doth so;

It shows my earnestness in affection.

Q. It doth so.

Es. My devotion—

Q. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Es. As it were, to ride day and night, and not
To deliberate, not to remember,
Not to have patience to shift me even—

Q. It is most certain.

Es. But to stand, O Queen,
Travel-stainèd and sweating with desire
To see thee, and thinking of nothing else,
Aye, putting all affairs in oblivion,
As if there were nothing else to be done

But to see thee.

Q. Bless thee, my blessèd boy.

Es. I would not change this oddly suited hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle Queen.
Dare I open my mind to thee, O Queen,
And discourse a matter of some moment?
Dare I presume what audacity wants,
And bashfulness forbids?

Q. My sweet prince, speak; say on.

Es. Madam, there is no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of our nobility,
This should'ring of each other in the court,
This factious bandying of their favourites,
But says it does presage some ill event.
When black envy breeds unkind division,
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion.

Q. Tush! that's but fancy, let it rest.
Other affairs must now be managèd.
Draw near; wear thou this chain about thy neck,
Then, sir, withdraw, and in an hour return.

Es. Though kind and loving thou hast always been,
Thy gentle words do comfort me this day;
With griefs allayed, with sorrows eased,
I willing go but to return; farewell. (*Exit Essex.*)

Q. Unpin my night-gown here; prithee, dispatch.

F. L. Your grace, shall I go fetch your silver wool?

Q. No, I'll wear my silk garb mingled with gold.

F. L. Well troth, I think your other rebato
Were better.

Q. No, I pray thee, good Meg; I'll wear this.

F. L. By my troth, your grace, it is not so good;
It is too costly to wear every day.

Q. Thou art a fool; I will wear none but this.

F. L. O your grace, I beseech you pardon me;
I was born to speak all mirth and no matter.

Q. Your silence most offends me; to be merry
Best becomes you, for out of question, girl,
You were born in a very merry hour.

F. L. Sure your highness; my mother cried, and then
A star daunc'd, and under that was I born.
I like this new tire excellently well,
If the hair were a single thought browner;
And i' faith, your gown's a most rare fashion;
I saw the Duchess of Milan's new gown
That they praise so.

Q. O that exceeds they say.

F. L. By my troth's but a night-gown in respect
Of yours; 'tis cloth a gold and cuts and lac'd
With silver, set with pearles down sleeves, side sleeves,
And skirts, round underborn with a bluish
Tinsel, but for a fine, quaint, and graceful,
Excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

Q. God give me grace to wear it, for my heart
Is exceeding heavy. When thou hast done this chore,
I'll give thee leave to play. Give me my robe,
Now, rubies and diamonds, now, my gloves,
And mind sweet heart, array my curl'd hair,
And on my head put my cap; now, my shoes.
My lord shall find us in a rich wardrobe
When he doth come. No, no perfume, I pray.

F. L. These gloves are a most excellent perfume.

Q. Look who comes here! belike it is the Earl;
Stand all aside; now show I like a Queen.

(Enter Essex.)

I trow, he shines like to the morning sun,
 And doth perfume the chamber as he comes.
 My gentle lord, I wish thee joy: come here
 And hang thou in my arms, like loving fruit.

(*Queen embraces him.*)

Es. By my soul, till the tree doth die I will.

Q. My noble lord Earl, how brook'st thou the air
 After thy late tossing on th' breaking seas?

Es. O madam, I thought myself in heaven;
 And did salute the dear earth with my hand,
 As a long parted mother with her child,
 Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles, in meeting;
 So weeping, smiling, I did greet the earth,
 And with my hands did favor it; oh I
 Did like it well, and did weep for joy
 To stand upon thy kingdom once again.

Q. But, my lord, fain would I hear of Ireland:
 Upon pretexts incompetent and false,
 All of that land, I know, is up in arms.

Es. Madam, the wild Irish are incult dogs,
 Subtle, barbarous, uncivil beggars,
 Naked, bare legg'd, and ugly to behold;
 Idle wenches and knaves. And they have turn'd
 A paradise into a wilderness.
 Than a woman, they far more fickle are,
 And be full of jealousy, and novelty.
 Brought up unto no calling, in a word,
 They are compelled to beg, steal, or fight,
 And then to be hang'd for such fight or theft.

Q. From you, my lord, their vices dissolute
 No blazon needs: they already too well
 Are known in every hamlet, village, town

And city. But what good qualities ha' they?

Es. Your grace, they are for murders capable.
They all confess there's daggers in men's smiles,
And that the near in blood, the nearer bloody.
Ireland is a black soil, wherein mushrooms
Like upstart weeds, do in a night spring up :
Yet to their leaders and eager men o' war,
They are all most worthy in affection.
Neither in fierceness nor in courage
Do the Irish fail, for our English troops,
Their chieftains will assail in furious fight,
Though their men be naked, and only arm'd
With darts and skeines. Their earl, courageously
With swarms of wild Irish Kernes, once came down
And battle joinèd with me ; but his men
Being almost naked, soon groaning lay
Within the English pale, who though but few,
Upon their host so bravely did perform,
'Twas an execution rather than a fight.
This furious slaughter of them, to the rest
Was a great discouragement, insomuch,
That their mightiest died upon the place ;
And, by bloody slaughter, I there impawn'd
Their chiefs, for surety to your royal grace.
Please you, madam, this is the sum of all.
Now by your love, I am induc'd to speak,
And I do hope your grace forgets not how
You promisèd (unless I be deceiv'd)
The dukedom o' great York to me ; I claim it
Of your majesty.

Q. How comes it yours, sir?

Es. Your highness, have you forgot your covenant?

Q. Praise be given, sir, to your remembrance.
 Your plainness and your shortness, please us well.
 But we'll debate awhile by what safe means
 Our debt may be to you repaid; we will
 About it speedily, so trusty son,
 I pray you like a loving child, away,
 And this business, privately, to-night
 We'll pass upon; now, my dear lord, farewell.

Es. Your royal pleasure shall be done; farewell.

(*Exit Essex.*)

Q. Who comes?

(*Knock.*)

F. L. Madam, Master Secretary.

(*Enter Cecil.*)

Q. Welcome, sir; what is amiss?

Cecil. Marry, this:

In time of storm for safety to ourselves
 Every good loyal subject to the crown
 Ought allegiance owe, unto your grace:
 The gates that to rebellion open stand,
 Should be shut, least your royal crown be lost.
 Of my good lord's coming were you forewarn'd?

Q. Why, what need? thou mak'st wondrous much
 of this.

Ce. Never was monarch better fear'd, and lov'd,
 Than is your majesty, and those subjects
 That sit under the sweet shade of your true
 Government, do serve you, gracious madam,
 With hearts create of duty and of zeal.
 There be but one I think, that does not so.

Q. God bless him; every man speaks well of him,
 Every man presents him, seeks, and sues him
 For his love, his favour, and protection.

All but you, his worship serve and honour.

Ce. There is a plot to rid the realm of thee.
This blot pernicious hath sworn, your majesty,
With his hand he'll take thee in,
And thy head displace, and set it on th' gates.

Q. What sir! what! how dares thy harsh rude tongue
Sound this unpleasing news to us?

Ce. Oh Queen,
Every tongue that speaks, brings but this news.

Q. No no, we know your drift, yet be it so
'Tis but the common cry of curs, whose breath
We hate, as reek of rotten fens;
Whose love we prize, as the dead carcasses
Of unburied men that corrupt our air.
He's your enemy.

Ce. Hear me speak a word;
Those which do fly before the battle ends
May even in their wives and children's sight,
Be hang'd up for example at their doors.
Therefore, when my lord from Ireland fled,
And bore with him so many gentlemen
An infinite distance from action's seat,
The very nerves of this our state require
That he, madam, should not new create his fault
And at random run. Gracious sovereign,
It is not honesty in me to speak
What I have seen and known, but observe him,
And his own course will denote him so
That unto your grace I may save my speech:
Mark how he continues—

Q. Alas, alas, say on.
I am sorry that I am so deceiv'd in him.

Ce. Then give me leave, that I his cool conceit
 May check; I beseech your grace, that I may
 Tell him his eager and excited chase
 After your Highness' crown and worthy title,
 Is an injury.

Q. Spare us account, sir,
 Of our sweet son's conceit; remember sir,
 How youngly he began to serve his country,
 How long he hath continued, and what stock
 He springs of.

Ce. Aye, madam, but when thou hear'st
 That armèd powers are marching hitherward,
 And thy son, as a gracious conqueror
 Straight to Westminster goes, there to be crown'd;
 When limbs are lopt, and intrails spread about;
 And when, your grace, night-walking heralds trudge
 Betwixt thee and the new king; when thou art
 Unto my lord a humble suppliant,
 Look not to be pitied. By heaven, Queen,
 Thou art not safe. I do beseech your grace,
 This present day secure this jealous man;
 Upon my feeble knee I beg this boon
 With tears not lightly shed.

Q. If it is true,
 There is no joy, no comfort, no sweetness,
 Nor no pleasure more, in this world for me;
 For not out of error, but of malice
 Hath my son come back; he was not misled;
 He thought harm to me: I like it not.

Ce. That it be true, I do engage my life.

Q. I must believe, sir, you think so, and will
 For sealing the injuries of tongues

Within the court and kingdom, grant to you
A warrant that the gentle earl, my son,
May as a private man, be humble brought
Before the counsel. Look you, sir,
In his truth's assurance fixèd fast I rest:
Yet I blame him that he uncall'd return'd;
His bad success and his suspicious course
Will tie him to rebuke; he is quite lost.
From deep disgrace I cannot save him now.
Oh Lord, my boy, my Robert, my fair son,
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world,
My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure,
By flight is lost, and all his honour stain'd.
Call for the music in the other room,
Then go your ways; begone.

Ce. Madam, farewell.

(Exeunt.)

Actus Tertius. Scena Quarta.

(Room in the Palace.)

ESSEX, BACON, Lords and Gentlemen.

Essex. How now, what news with thee?

Francis Bacon. Bad, my lord Earl;

Let me intreat thee hie away to France.

Es. How, me? I stand on fire. Come to the matter.

F. B. All too soon I shall, unless thou would'st grieve quickly.

Es. Thou torture me to leave unspoken that—

F. B. Which to be spoke would torture thee, my lord;
Yonder deform'd dog—

Es. Wherefore ey'st him so?

F. B. I'll tell thee, sir, in private, if thou please
To give me hearing.

Es. Aye, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention; come nearer,
Say in mine ear, good brother, what it is.

F. B. The Queen hath given to him a warrant
For thy arrest.

Es. What's that? Fie, brother, fie!
How the world is chang'd with you; know you not
What all the town doth know? For two hours, sir,
I did talk unto the Queen.

F. B. Most likely:
Then the secretary came to Elizabeth,
Told her you were a traitor unto the crown,
And 'gainst her life did make conspiracies
Continual. Whereupon, the amazèd Queen,
Quite besotted with his speeches base,
Did give him warrant to arrest you, sir.
See, my lord, through the chamber, here she comes.

(*Enter Queen.*)

Queen. Ha! deem'st thou us of base and light esteem?
Why stand thou sir? what are we sir? nay sir,
What art thou? Tut! we know thee sir, though thou
Know not us. Thou art a bad servant sir,
Deny it if thou canst. Ha! if thou deny'st it
Twenty times, thou liest, and we will turn
Thy falsehood to thy heart, where it was forg'd.
For thee sir, we are a match, in despite,
Of all mischance, and all thy 'complices.

Es. Alas, in what have I offended thee?
Why speak'st thou thus to me? What cause, madam,
Hath my behaviour to thy displeasure,
That thus thou dost proceed to put me off?
I ne'er hurt thee! do me right and justice.
O Queen, thy pleasure is my near offence,
And all my treason. Certes, all the harm
I ever did to thee, was in the wish my lot
Were plac'd in such felicity as thine.
Villain-like, he lies that traitor names me:
And I will maintain my truth and honour firmly
On him, on thee, who not? that in this kind
Dares to term me a traitor to thy grace.

Q. My lord, now you grow too hot.

Es. Oh madam—

Q. Sir, dare not to speak one syllable more.
Withdraw unto your home, my noble Earl;
Admit no messenger, receive no token,
Neglect not my words, I'll call my council
In the morn to question thee; now away.

(*Exit Queen.*)

F. B. What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your
brows;
Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er fraught heart and bids it break.

Es. Go too, go too, brother, I dare not speak.

F. B. You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should.

Es. Nay, good sir, neither to you nor any one,
Having no witness to confirm my speech.
Let me take leave of you; so fare you well.

F. B. Why do you speak so faintly, are you well?

Es. No, by my troth, I am exceeding ill,

I have upon my forehead here, a pain.

F. B. Why that's with grieving; 'twill away again :
Let me but bind it hard, it will be well
Within this hour; hie thee to bed; farewell.

(*Exeunt.*)

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

(*Council Chamber in the Palace.*)

QUEEN and ESSEX.

Queen. My lord Earl,
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say my lord,
Grievous complaints of you, which being consider'd
Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us, where I know
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till further trial in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make here this day all needful defence.
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Essex. I humbly thank your highness,
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly assunder, for I know
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues
Than I myself, poor man.

(*Kneels.*)

Q. Stand up Essex,
 Thy truth and integrity is rooted
 In us thy friend. Give me thy hand, stand up,
 Prithee let's walk. Now by my Holy Dame,
 What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd
 You would have given me your petition, that
 I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
 Yourself and your accusers, and to have heard you
 Without indurance further.

Es. Most dread Queen,
 The good I stand on, is my truth and honesty;
 If they shall fail me, then mine enemies
 Will triumph o'er my person, which I weigh not
 Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing,
 What can be said against me?

Q. Know you not
 How your state stands i' th' world, with the whole world?
 Your enemies are many and not small; their practices
 Must bear the same proportion, and not ever
 The justice and the truth o' th' question carries
 The dew o' th' verdict with it. But if sir,
 You be put in bondage, appeal to us,
 And deliver us this ring, that downward
 Hath succeeded from heir to heir, some four
 Or five descents since th' first father wore it.
 Are you content?

Es. Madam, I am content.

Q. Then get you gone, sir, and do as I have bid you.

(Exit Essex.)

It was a most mad fantastical trick in him
 From Ireland to steal home like to a thief.
 I wish him well, but lest I now would have

My palaces possessed, my cities sack'd,
 And their sky threatening towers razèd,
 And made smooth fields, I must full angry wise
 Draw forth the fatal weapon of the law,
 And so myself, and the whole state defend.
 Ho there! is it not two o' th' clock?
 Let the lords assemble.

(*Enter lords.*)

My lords, welcome.

I will not stay, lest you touch not upon
 These matters to their utmost bounds. Farewell.

(*Exit Queen.*)

Cecil. My lords of the council, and noble peers,
 You know the fiery quality of the Earl,
 How unremovable and fixt he is
 In his own course, and as ye are, my lords,
 The special watchmen of our English weal,
 Let me persuade ye all to join your hearts
 In love and amity, and in honour
 Of the commonweal, stay my Lord Robert
 In his moody, discontented fury.
 I do assure ye it grieves me to speak
 Of that, that doth make my lord Earl
 A forfeit to the law, but as ye know,
 Civil dissension is a vip'rous worm
 That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth,
 And we are not safe, if we yield our right
 To deal with him and his near ambition.
 Oh, what a scandal to the crown it was,
 For my lord to take swift treacherous flight,
 And by himself, like to a disguis'd squire,
 To return and rush on a sudden, in

Upon her majesty, who was not clad
In needful vestiments, nor meet habiliments,
But naked, sleeping lay. He carèd not,
But in haughty hardiness, without rest,
He his hand did rear, and forcèd his way
Through her women, who counsell'd him to forbear.
Rage lent him shame, and led on by his will
He made a stale of the proud Queen, whose youth
And freshness wrinkles Apollo's,—a pearl
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants. Therefore, lords,
Let him now certain punishment receive,
And say at once if I maintain the truth—
Great lords and gentlemen, what means this silence?
Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

L. Oxford. Faith, I have been a truant in the law,
And never yet could frame my will to it,
And therefore frame the law unto my will.
Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two blades, which bears the better temper,
Between two horses, which doth bear him best,
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,
I have perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment:
But in these nice, sharp quilllets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

Ce. What means this? Hoa! who waits there? Call
in the Earl.

(*Enter the Earl.*)

Es. My lords, what is your pleasure with me?

Ce. My lord Earl,

You have of late, to your notorious shame,

Against your holy oath, like a traitor
 To the name of God, fled from your command,
 And secretly and alone returned
 From Ireland. First, what hath brought you back
 Before you were recallèd? And second,
 Why did you, like a testy, choleric,
 Hare-brain'd, rash, furious and violent fool,
 Being warnèd, approach her majesty
 As upon her bed she lay? Now, my lord,
 By this writ you are bound to answer us.
 Speak, sir, or your silence on the instant
 Is our warrant for your condemnation.

Es. My lords, knowing that I do speak before
 Persons both wise and grave, I fear no harm.
 I earnestly desire naught but justice.
 If 't could by art be done, I truly would,
 That my actions might like unto a picture,
 Be painted in a glass, that our great Queen
 Might face to face, and eye to eye, behold
 My honest mind and truth. Now good my lords,
 By that fair sun that shows above the earth,
 With my rapier's point, I'll defiance send
 To any man that doth me traitor call.
 Ne'er yet have I been traitor to her grace.
 Had I been governèd by ill desires,
 By length'ning my return from Ireland
 I might, with goodly host of armèd men
 Have cross'd the wild Irish seas. My lords,
 Think what a chance, had I but trainèd up,
 (By drunken prophecies, libels and dreams)
 Those most miserable of men to fight.
 If I be subtle, false and treacherous,

When th' Queen, her anointed body did commit
Unto my care, why sirs, from forth your reach
Did I not destroy her? Attend me, lords,—
I came in peace, mildness, prayer and love,
To seek out the proud, insulting, haughty
Villains, cowards, dogs, and of their feather
Many more proud birds, that have foully wrought
The easy melting Queen, like wax, against
My name and fame. Sirs, sirs! it cannot be
You think I fled from fear? Ha! Lord Gray,
Pembroke, Derby, my lords, what do you say?

L. Gray. I know not what, sir, may have brought you
back,

But this I must say unto you, my lord,
You do her gracious majesty offence,
To curse, rayl and strive against those powers
That she, our loving sovereign, invests
Her council with.

Es. Plague of your council!
You sent me deputy to Ireland,
Far from succour, from the Queen, and from all
That might have mercy had on my poor faults:
And if those came short, you, my lords, I know
Servèd me a many false-hearted turnes.
Had I not come so quickly back, i' faith,
I quickly should through you, have lost my head.

L. G. Speak not so loud.

Es. Give pardon to my speech.

Ce. Hear me a word, you speak too bitterly—

Es. I cry thee mercy, thou deformèd dog:

There is my purse to cure that blow of mine.

(*Throws him his purse.*)

Ce. So!

L. G. For shame, sir.

Es. A plague upon him, dog!

L. G. My lords, let us put an end to this; come,
Let him retire, whiles the council doth consult.

(*Enter a messenger.*)

Messenger. Her majesty doth call for you, my lords,
And for your grace.

Ce. We wait upon her grace.

Come, will you go with me, my good Lord Gray?

L. G. I wait upon you sir.

Ce. Then let's away.

(*Exeunt.*)

Actus Quartus. Scena Secunda.

(*Outer Chamber of the Palace.*)

Guard, Enter ESSEX.

Essex. All fast! Sure you know me sir?

Guard. Yes my lord,

But yet I cannot help you.

Es. Why, why?

G. Your grace must wait till you be callèd for.

(*Enter Lord Chamberlain, Bishop of
Winchester, and Lords.*)

L. Chamberlain. Hear the Queen's pleasure. My
Lord of Essex,

She commands you to close confine yourself

To York-House, until you do hear further
From her Highness.

Es. Where's your commission, lords?

Words cannot carry authority so weighty.

L. C. Who dares to cross them, bearing the Queen's will
From her mouth expressly unto you, sir.

Es. Till I find more than will, or words to do it,
(I mean your malice) know, officious lords,
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse mettle ye are moulded, envy.
How eagerly ye follow my disgrace
As if it fed ye, and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in everything may bring my ruin.
Follow your envious courses, men of malice ;
Ye have Christian warrant for 'em, and no doubt
In time will find their fit rewards. My lords,
I will not wish ye half my miseries.
I have more charity. But say I warn'd ye ;
Take heed, for heaven's sake take heed, lest at once
The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

L. C. My lord, this is a mere distraction.
Your rage mistakes us.

Es. Laughed at, scorned—

L. C. Thou art a proud traitor, lord.

Es. Proud lord, thou liest :

Within these forty hours, thou sir, durst better
Have burnt that tongue of thine than said so.

Bishop of Winchester. Oh, how this discord doth afflict
my soul.

Oh, if you love me as you say you do,
Come, my lords, come, let us make haste and go.

(*Exeunt.*)

*Actus Quartus. Scena Tertia.**(Room in Essex House.)**The EARL and FRANCIS BACON.*

Essex. But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame,
 Nor stir at nothing, till the axe of death
 Hang over thee, as sure it shortly will:
 For Cecil—he that can do all in all
 With her, that hateth thee and hates us all,
 And Gray, and impious Raleigh, that false dog—
 Have all lym'd bushes to betray thy wings,
 And fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee.
 But fear not thou, until thy foot be snar'd,
 Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

Francis Bacon. Ah now, forbear; thou aimest all awry.
 I must offend before I be attainted.
 And had I twenty times so many foes,
 And each of them had twenty times their power,
 All these could not procure me any scath,
 So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.
 Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?
 Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?
 Whom have I injur'd that they seek my death?
 These hands are free from guiltless bloodshedding,
 This breast from harboring foul deceitful thoughts.
 I scorn their worthless threats.

Es. Say'st thou me so?

F. B. It is enough: every man knows 'tis true.
 I have a heart as little apt as yours,
 And yet a brain, that leads my use of anger
 To better 'vantage. Pray be counsellèd:

Your greatest help is quiet, gentle sir.
I pray you sort your heart to patience :
These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.
Come, you have bin too rough, something too rough ;
You must return to her grace, and mend.
I say to you as I was said to : away,
You know the very rode into her kindness
And cannot lose your way. Would you had heard
Her speak of you, as I did, my dear lord :
I was mov'd withal.

Es. I dare be sworn thou wert.
And yet my scandal was not wip'd away,
But I in danger for the breach of law.

F. B. Yet sir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes so sweat compassion.

Es. I warrant
You cried bitterly, my good Francis.
But yet, I cannot choose but laugh, to think
Such a perfect gyber for the table
As thou art, sir, should have cried in my stead.

F. B. She praised you above compare, my lord.

Es. Enough of this ; I pray thee, hold thy peace.
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.

F. B. O God !
You shall not be the grave of your own deserving.

Es. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word :
Pray now no more. God bye you ; fare you well.

(*Exit Essex.*)

F. B. O save him Christ, from his ambition foul,
For with conceit of his own merit upblown
He now doth think to overthrow the crown,
And he will die, unless by Thee put down. (*Exeunt.*)

*Actus Quartus. Scena Quarta.**(Lobby of the Palace.)*

QUEEN and FRANCIS BACON.

Francis Bacon. I beseech you, madam,
If you think fit, or that it may be done,
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With your majesty alone.

Queen. Pray you come,
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely. Sir, the garden here
Is convenient.

F. B. I am much bound to you.

(Queen and Bacon enter garden.)

I do beseech your Grace to pardon my lord Earl.

Q. Plead you to me, fair sir, for this traitor?
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.

F. B. How! traitor? what mean'st thou? tell me,
madam,

Doth any one accuse him for a traitor?

Q. Traitor!—aye. In my lord Earl's government,
When deputy to Ireland, he was
Led by none, no, scarcely by his own laws,
And in the suppressing and punishing
Of treasons, he had sir, very strange kind
Of large and unexpected pardons, where
Severe executions should have been made,
For the better quitting of those troubles—

F. B. He hath been your faithful servant, madam,

And I dare lay mine honour he will so remain.

I would he were here.

Q. Yea, I warrant you.

Yet, mark you now sir, it is not well done

To take the tales out of my mouth.

F. B. Your Grace,

Under your good correction, by my troth,

I will speak my conscience of the Earl.

If he would curry with Master Robert,

(Who doth seek my poor brother's life) why then,

I o'er-ween to think, he would have no harm.

Q. Think you so? are you never, sir, to be
Without your tricks? I'll tell you what I think:

My son would be my sovereign, and my lord.

But I will watch him tame, and I will find

Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed

Within the centre. Aye, that I will sir.

F. B. My gracious Madam, I pray you spare him;

I entreat you on my knees. (*Kneels down.*)

Q. Forbear sir.

Why have his banish'd and forbidden legs

Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground,

But that he would himself be England's king?

How London did pour forth her citizens,

The mayor and all his brethren in best sort,

Like to the senators of th' antique Rome,

With the plebeians swarming at their heels,

Went forth to fetch their conqu'ring Cæsar in,

As though he were from Ireland coming,

Rebellion bringing broachèd on his sword.

Did'st thou not behold the dumb men throng to see him,

And the blind to hear him speak? Matrons flung gloves,

Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
 Upon him as he pass'd. The nobles bended
 As to Jove's statue, and the commons made
 A shower and thunder with their caps and shouts.

F. B. Gracious Empress, I never saw the like,
 But yet we rather shall be blest, if he
 Remember a kinder value of the people,
 Than he hath hereto priz'd them at.

Q. Peace! peace!

I would you rather had been silent, sir;
 An Irish sea is not so turbulent
 And raging, as is my son.

(Noise and tumult within. Enter page.)

Look who comes;
 What's the matter, boy? Speak! What tumult's this?

Page. O the Earl! the Earl! he hath revolted.

F. B. I dare warrant it is but an uproar
 Begun through malice of my brother's state.
 Madam, here comes a messenger.

(Enter messenger.)

Q. What news?

Messenger. Such news, Madam, as grieves me to report.
 To get the crown from thee and take the court,
 My lord, the Earl, hath dire rebellion rais'd;
 London's rude slaves and disaffected men,
 With many unrough youths that even now
 Protest their first manhood, unite their force
 To his, and in open rebellion rude,
 With flaming mouths roar fire and devastation.

Q. Go prick thy face, and over-red thy fear
 Thou lily-liver'd boy; death of my soul,
 Those linen cheeks of thine are counsellors

To fear. What! whey-face, what! art thou afraid?
 Fear not, domestic broils clean overblow themselves.
 Methinks I am a prophet new inspir'd,
 And thus inspir'd, do foretell of him
 His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last,
 For violent fires soon burn out themselves;
 Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;
 He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes;
 With eager feeding, food doth choke the feeder;
 Sound drums and trumpets, and the Earl will fly.
 God be thanked; here Master Robert comes,
 And closely at his heels follow my lords:

(*Enter Cecil and Lords.*)

God-den unto your worships; what's the news?

Cecil. Your Majesty, the latest news we hear,
 Is that the angry trumpet sounds alarm,
 And dead men's cries do fill the empty air.

Q. Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betimes,
 Before the wound do grow incurable,
 For being green, there is great hope of help:
 A breach that craves a quick expedient stop.
 What counsel give you in this weighty cause?

Ce. That some be sent unto this fire-brand's house,
 To pacify and settle the base multitude.

Q. O excellent device. But who will go?

Lord Chief Justice. I will, your grace.

Earl of Worcester. And I.

Comptroller. And I.

Q. I thank you, noble lords; go speedily
 And learn the truth of this uncivil broil.
 Enquire me first why he hath enrollèd,
 Like to a scurvy knave, this martial strength.

Tell him I'll take him down, and he were twice
 Lustier than he is; in brief, my lords,
 Learn this great traitor's craft, power and means.
 Good Uncle, help to order several powers
 To London, or where'er these traitors are;
 They shall not live within this world I swear,
 But I will have them, if I once know where.

(*Exeunt.*)

Actus Quartus. Scena Quinta.

(*Gate in Front of Essex House.*)

Enter Lords.

Earl of Worcester. Who keeps the gate here? ho!
 Where is the Earl?

Porter. What shall I say you are?

E. W. Tell thou the Earl

That the Chief Justice doth attend him here.

Por. I will do so; please you my lords, enter.

(*The lords enter the court.*)

Soldier. A prize, a prize! here's the Lord Chief Justice.

Ah thou fool, thou Surge, nay thou buckram lord,
 Now art thou, noble sir, within point-blank
 Of our jurisdiction. Be it known, sir,
 Unto thee by this most regal presence,
 Even the presence of my Lord Robert,
 That he is the beesome, that now must sweep
 The court clean of all such filth as thou art.

Chief Justice. Insolent villains!

Sol. Kill, kill, kill, kill him!

Essex. Hold, hold, hold, hold! peace, hoa! no outrage,
peace!

The man is noble and his fame folds in
This orb o' th' earth; his least offence to us
Shall have judicious hearing.

C. J. My lord Earl,

I bring you tidings of the Princess' doom.

Es. What less than doomsday, is the Princess' doom?

Look you, my lords, you will but waste your words;

I have under me, and will march away

With such a multitude of armèd men,

As all the world shall tremble at their view.

For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air?

And what makes robbers bold, but too much lenity?

With scoffs and scorns and contumelious taunts

They have made me a public spectacle,

The scare-crow that frights our children. My lords,

In this troublous time what is to be done?

Shall we go throw away our coats of steel?

Or shall we on the helmets of our foes,

Achieve new honours with revengeful arms,

And make good our rights by force?

C. J. My lord Earl,

You look but on the outside of this work.

Es. Outside or inside, I will not return

'Till my attempt so much be glorified,

As to my ample hope was promisèd,

To outlook conquest and to win renown,

Even in the jaws of danger and of death.

Know you not that her Highness doth intend

To raze, blemish, and obscure my fair fame?
 Hath she not markèd me for death, and for the grave?
 But to this I will not submit, I trow,
 Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
 I'll either make her Gracious Majesty
 Remove the people vile, who, muddied thick,
 Are towards me unwholesome in their thoughts,
 Or sack this country with a mutiny.
 Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
 And dreadful objects so familiar,
 That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
 Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war.
 All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds,
 And Typhon's spirit raging for revenge,
 With Ate by his side, come hot from hell,
 Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
 Cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war.

C. J. My lord, we know your grace to be a man
 Just and upright, and for your royal birth
 Inferior to none but to her Majesty.
 But I beseech you, do not cry havoc
 Where you should but hunt with modest warrant.

Es. Sir, sir, peace!

E. W. Hear me speak.

Es. Speak briefly then,

For we are peremptory to dispatch.

E. W. These things indeed you have articulated,
 Proclaim'd at market crosses, read in churches,
 To face the garment of rebellion
 With some fine colour, that may please the eye
 Of fickle changelings, and poor discontents
 Which gape, and rub the elbow at the news

Of hurly-burly innovation :

And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colours to impaint his cause,
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time,
Or pell-mell havoc and confusion.
See here these movers that do prize their hours
As a crack'd drachme! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves
Ere yet the fight be done will all pack up.
With such a commodity of warm slaves
As had as leave hear th' devil as a drum,
Such as fear th' report of a caliver
Worse than a struck-fool, or a hurt wild-duck,
Such toasts and butter, with hearts in their bellies
No bigger than pin's heads, do you think, sir,
To fetch off victory? You are deceiv'd.

Es. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve,
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damnèd witchcraft? and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their hellish charms?

Comptroller. You fur your gloves with reason; here
are your reasons :

You know an enemy intends you harm,
You know a sword employ'd is perilous,
And reason flies the object of all harm
And in disaster ends, which breaks, my lord,
The sides of royalty, and almost appears—

C. J. Not almost appears, it doth appear.

Compt. Oh passing traitor, perjurd and unjust—

Es. Cease, arrogant Comptroller;
Why do you proclaim us traitors all?

Compt. Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding fresh,
 And sees fast-by a butcher with an axe,
 But will suspect 'twas he that made the slaughter?
 Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
 But may imagine how the bird was dead
 Although the kyte soar with unbloodied beak?
 Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

Es. But I am made a prologue to this play,
 And thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
 Will not conclude this plotted tragedy.
 Edgerton's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
 And Popham's cloudy brow his stormy hate;
 Sharp Worcester unburdens with his tongue,
 The envious load that lies upon his heart;
 The dogg'd Cecil, that reaches at the moon,
 Whose over-weening arm I have pluck'd back,
 By false accuse doth level at my life.

C. J. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind,
 The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

Es. The bird that hath been limèd in a bush,
 With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush.

E. W. Come, come, the cause. If arguing makes us
 sweat,
 The proof of it will turn to redder drops:

Look! I draw a sword against conspirators;
 When think you that the sword goes up again?

Southampton. Never, my lord, till another Cæsar
 Have added slaughter to the swords of traitors.

Es. Anger and wrathful fury stops my speech.

Rutland. Why are you mov'd? be patient, my lord,
 And see what we your counsellors have done.
 My lords, now let us all be resolute

And either have our wills or lose our lives.

C. J. Meet you for this, proud overbearing peers?

What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?

Es. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves; we must confer.

C. J. So flies the wreakless shepherd from the wolf;

So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,

And next his throat, unto the butcher's knife.

Es. Dick Smith, and Salisbury, lay hands on them.

C. J. Villains forbear, we are th' Queen's councillors.

Soldiers. And therefore do we what we are commanded.

C. J. Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth.

Es. Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word!

Lead them away, give them good watch; away.

(Exit soldiers with councillors.)

My countrymen—

Soldiers. Peace, silence, Essex speaks.

Es. For me, the ransom of my bold attempt

Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face,

But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt,

The least of you shall share his part thereof.

But who comes here?

(Enter messenger.)

It is our messenger.

How now, how now; what say the citizens?

Messenger. The citizens are mum, say not a word.

I bid them that did love their country's good,

Cry,—'God save Robert, England's royal king.'

Es. And did they so?

Mes. No, so God help me, they spake not a word,

But like dumb statues, or breathing stones,

Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale,
 Which when I saw, I reprehended them,
 And ask'd the mayor what meant this wilful silence:
 His answer was, the people were not used
 To be spoke to, but by the Recorder.
 Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again:—
 'Thus saith the Earl, thus hath the Earl inferr'd,'
 But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.
 When he had done, some followers of mine own,
 At lower end of th' hall, hurl'd up their caps
 And some ten voices cried,—'God save King Robert!'
 And thus I took the vantage of these few,—
 'Thanks gentle citizens and friends,' quoth I,—
 'This generous applause and cheerful shout,
 Argues your wisdom, and your love to Robert:'
 And even here brake off and came away.

Es. What tongueless blocks were they.

Come, let us take a muster speedily:
 Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.

Southampton. Talk not of dying, I am out of fear
 Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year.

(*Exeunt.*)

Actus Quartus. Scena Sexta.

(*Street in London.*)

Enter two or three running over the stage.

First Man. Where is this viper
 That would depopulate the city, and be every man himself?

Second Man. Calmly, I do beseech you; here he comes.

(*Enter Essex, Southampton, Rutland,
Blunt, Gorges, with their power.*)

Essex. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout;

Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds

Where it should guard. O war, thou son of hell,

Whom angry heavens do make their minister,

Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part,

Hot coals of vengeance. Let no soldier fly.

He that is truly dedicate to war,

Hath no self-love; nor he that loves himself

Hath not essentially, but by circumstance

The name of valor. O let the vile world end,

And the promisèd flames of the last day,

Knit earth and heaven together.

(*Enter a soldier, running.*)

Soldier. My lord, there is an army gather'd together
In Smithfield.

Es. Come then, let's go fight with them;

But first go and set London bridge on fire,

And if you can, burn down the Tower too.

Come, let's away! away! now up Fish Street,

Down Saint Magnus Corner; kill and knock down,

Throw them into the Thames; lay out! lay out!

So sirs; now go and pull down the Savoy:

Others to the Inns of Court; down with them all:

Away! burn all the records of the realm;

Away, away!

Once more, sweet lords, farewell.

Now let us altogether to our troops,

And give them leave to fly, that will not stay,

And call them pillars that will stand to us;

And if we thrive, promise them such rewards
 As victors wear at the Olympian games.
 This may plant courage in their quailing breasts,
 For yet is hope of life and victory :
 Forslow no longer, make we hence amain.
 Sound drums and trumpets boldly, cheerfully ;
 God and Saint George, Essex and victory.

First Soldier. Go fetch fire.

Second Soldier. Pluck down benches.

F. S. Pluck down forms, windows, anything.

Es. Now let it work : mischief thou art afoot ;
 Take what course thou wilt.

(*Enter one running.*)

How now fellow ?

Messenger. Arm ! arm ! my lords ; the foe vaunts in
 the field.

I have been i' th' market place, and sir, 'tis fit
 You make strong party, or defend yourself
 By calmness, or by absence ; all's in anger.

Es. Draw near, ye people—

First Man. No, no, no, no, no !

Thou wretch, despite o'erwhelm thee :
 What should the people do with these rebels
 On whom depending, their obedience fails
 To th' greater bench ? In a rebellion.
 When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
 Then were they chosen : in a better hour
 Let what is meet, be said it must be meet,
 And throw their power i' th' dust.
 The soldiers, ho ! let him be apprehended :
 Seize him soldiers ; down with him, down with him ;
 You viperous traitor, hence.

Es. Good people,
If I may be heard, I would crave a word or two,
The which shall turn you to no farther harm,
Than so much loss of time.

F. M. Down with them, ho!
Here's he that would take from you all power.
Base, leaden earls, that glory in your birth,
Go sit at home and eat your tenants' beef.
Manifest treason! weapons, weapons, weapons!

Es. I do suspect I have done some offence,
That seems disgracious in the city's eye.

(*Enter soldier.*)

Soldier. Against thy seat both old and young rebel,
And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

Es. Too well, too well thou tell'st a tale so ill.
O gentle followers, let's return.

Southampton. Where?

Es. No matter where; of comfort no man speak:
Let's talk of graves, of worms, of epitaphs,
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let's choose executors, and talk of wills:
And yet not so; for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposèd bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are lost and gone
And nothing can we call our own, but death,
And that small model of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.

(*Exeunt.*)

K. Richard II
Act III Sc 2

Actus Quartus. Scena Septima.

(*Front of Essex House.*)

Enter the LORD LIEUTENANT and Followers.

Lord Lieutenant. Go fellow, get thee home, provide
some carts

And bring away the armour that is there.
Gentlemen, will you muster men? If I know how,
Or which way to order these great affairs
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands—
Quick, gentlemen, go muster up your men
And meet me here presently at the gates.
Come cousin Burghly, I'll dispose of you.
What, Essex! wilt thou leave the house and fight,
Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

(*Essex on the walls.*)

Essex. Alas I am coop'd up here for defence.

Raleigh. Put him to choler straight: he hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction; being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance.

L. Lieut. Very well.

My lord, dark night whose black contagious breath
Already smokes about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble and day-wearied sun,—
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire,
Paying the fine of rated treachery,
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives.
Lords, to the charge! Saint George and victory!

(*Alarms and excursion. They set upon the guards who fly.*
Enter on the other side Earl of Lincoln and his soldiers.)

Earl of Lincoln. Brave followers, yonder stands the
thorny wood,

Which by the heaven's assistance, and your strength,
Must by the root be hewn up yet ere night.

I need not add more fuel to your fire,
For, well I wot, ye blaze to burn them out :
Give signal to the fight, and to it lords.

*(They assail the Earl's house on two sides. Parley
sounded. Enter Sir Christopher Blount on the walls.)*

E. L. What noise is this I hear? In the battle

Dare any be so bold to sound retreat
Or parley, when I command them kill?

Sir Christopher Blount. Stay!

E. L. What is't knave?

Sir C. B. I speak to thee plain soldier ;

My Lord Lincoln, my message is to you :
The noble Lady Essex lieth here,
And will you not, my lord, give her rescue?

E. L. Before I make reply to aught you say,
I must inform the rest.

Sir C. B. Go about it.

E. L. Soldiers, cease not, but with a din confus'd
Enforce the present execution.

*(Exit Lincoln. Alarm and battle. Enter
again Lincoln. Essex on the wall.)*

E. L. My lord, in the base court we will attend
To speak with you ; may it please you sir, to come down !

Es. Is it your trick to make me ope the door?

E. L. Nay, we are prepar'd to parley or to fight.

Es. Down, down I come, like glist'ring Phæton
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.

*(Enter Essex on one side of the
court, lords on the other.)*

L. Lieut. I arrest thee of high treason, by th' name
Of Robert Earl of Essex, and with thee
All the rest of thy revolted faction.

Es. One boon I beg.

L. Lieut. Well ask.

Es. And shall I have?

L. Lieut. You shall.

Es. Then give me leave to go.

L. Lieut. Whither?

Es. Whither you will, so I were from your sight.

L. Lieut. Go, some of you, convey him to the Tower.

Es. Is there no other way of mercy
But I must needs to th' Tower my lords?

L. Lieut. What other

Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome:
Let some o' th' guard be ready there.

Es. For me?

Must I go like a traitor thither?

L. Lieut. Receive him,

And see him safe in the Tower.

(*Exeunt.*)

Actus Quartus. Scena Octava.

(*Audience Room of the Palace.*)

Enter QUEEN and Attendants.

Queen. The gaudy babbling and remorseful day,
Is crept into the bosom of the sea:
And now loud howling wolves arouse the jades

That drag the tragic melancholy night,
Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings
Clepe dead-men's graves, and from their misty jaws
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.
Witness my son, now in the shade of death,
Whose bright outshining beams, night's cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.

First Lady. Why looks your Grace so heavily to-
night?

Q. I do beweepe the many simple gulls,
Who peradventure now must lose their lives,
Fifty thousand strong.

F. L. O, it cannot be;
Rumour doth double, like the voice, and echo
The numbers of the feared. Please it your Grace
To go to bed? Upon my life, Madam,
The pow'rs that you already have sent forth
Shall bring the prize in very easily.

Q. Who comes here?

(*Enter Messenger.*)

What's the news, sir? what's the news?

Mess. O my sweet Queen, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible:
All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out
But Dover castle: London hath receiv'd,
Like a kind host, Lord Robert and his powers,
Who doth call your Grace usurper, openly,
And vows to crown himself in Westminster.
His army is a ragged multitude,
Who, thirsting after prey, spoil the city
And traitorously threat your royal court.

Q. Sir, the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office; and his tongue

Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
 Remembered knolling a departing friend.
 Here comes my servant whom I newly sent
 To listen after news.

(Enter servant, who kneels.)

Now sir, what tidings?

Servant. A gentleman (almost fore-spent with speed)
 That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse,
 Told me that rebellion had had ill-luck.
 With that he gave his able horse the head,
 And bending forward strook his able heels
 Against the panting sides of his poor jade
 Up to the rowel head; and starting so,
 He seem'd in running to devour the way,
 Stopping no longer question.

Q. Ha! Stand up:
 Said he that rebellion met ill-luck?
 Stand up, I say: where is the Earl? Is he dead?

Ser. Nay, I know not Madam.

(Enter Robert Cecil.)

Q. Master Robert,
 Where is the Earl?

Cecil. In the tower, your Grace.

Q. Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made;
 Now shall he try his friends that flattered him.
 What is't a clock?

Chamberlain. Upon the stroke of four.

Q. Thanks, my good lord Chamberlain. I'll to bed.
 Rebellion in this land shall lose his way,
 Meeting the check of such another day:
 And since this business so fair is done,
 We will not leave till all our own be won.

(Exeunt.)

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

(Room in Palace.)

Enter SIR ROBERT CECIL, SCRIVENER *and* Messenger.

Cecil. Let this be copied out, good Master Clerk,
And keep it safe for our remembrance.

(Hands Scrivener a paper. Exit Scrivener.)

Go bear this letter to my Lord Lincoln,
This to the Earl of Derby and Lord Gray.
Come, bustle, bustle.

Messenger. Please you sir, I will.

(Exit Messenger.)

Ce. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroad,
I lay unto the grievous charge of others,
And stir the Queen against her dear allies :
And she believes me and withal whets me
To be reveng'd on all my enemies.
And then I sigh, and with a piece of Scripture
Tell her that God bids us do good for evil,
And thus I clothe my naked villainy,
With odd old ends, stol'n forth of Holy Writ,
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.
But soft, here come the lords.

(Enter Lords of the Council.)

Great lords, all hail.

That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men groaning for burial,
And to make a period of tumultuous broils,
Her Majesty (God bless and keep her safe)
Hath agreed the rebellious Earl to bring

On Tuesday next, for trial for his treason
 Before your lordships of the great star-chamber;
 And I here deliver, by th' Queen subscrib'd,
 The writ of his attainder unto you.
 Believe me lords, were none more wise than I,
 (And yet herein I judge my own wit good,)
 This Essex should be quickly rid the world,
 To rid us from the fear we have of him.
 That he should die, is worthy policy,
 And we want no colour for his death:
 'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of Capital law.

Oxford. Be not offended, Master Sécetary :

I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
 I think our country sinks beneath the yoke ;
 It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash
 Is added to her wounds. I think, withal,
 This ague fit of fear is over-blown,
 And easy task it is to win our own.

Ce. Beating our officers, cursing himself,
 Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
 Those whose great powers must try him ;
 Even this so criminal, and in such capital kind,
 Deserves th' extremest death.

There's no remedy, my noble lord,
 Unless by so doing, our good city
 Cleave in the midst and perish.
 The time shall be not many hours of age
 More than it is, ere foul sin gathering head
 Shall break into corruption ; and I think,
 If we mean to thrive and do good, we must
 With rigorous hand resist them now,
 And with th' axe abate the edge of traitors,

That would reduce these bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in streams of blood.

Lords. Amen, amen.

Ce. Ha! Then we must, my lords,

Let them not live to taste this land's increase
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace.

(*Exeunt.*)

Actus Quintus. Scena Secunda.

(*Room in Palace.*)

Enter FRANCIS BACON Alone.

Francis Bacon. O my dear brother Essex, God doth
know

Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong:
And as the butcher takes away the calf,
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,
Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house;
Even so, remorseless, have they borne thee hence:
And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one went,
And can do nought but wail her darling's loss;
Even so myself bewail good Essex' case
With sad unhelpful tears; and with dimm'd eyes,
Look after him, and cannot do him good.
Fie on ambition, and fie on myself;
I'll speak unto the Queen. Lo here she comes.

(*Flourish: Enter the Queen. Bacon kneels.*)

Queen. How now, good Master Bacon? stand thou up!

F. B. First, Madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous service.
Your Majesty, I do not sue to stand ;
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand,
And here I must unload my grief.

Q. Your grief?

F. B. Aye, and the common grief of all the land .
What! did my brother Robert spend his youth,
His valor, coin and people in the wars?
Did he so often lodge in open field,
In winter's cold and summer's parching heat,
But to conquer death? And did my brother
Toil his wits, and receive deep wounding scars
In Ireland and Spain, but thus to die?

Q. What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.
Listen, but speak not to't, and take thou care:
This is a happier and more comely time,
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying confusion. Robert Essex was
A worthy officer i' th' wars, but insolent,
O'er-come with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving, and affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.

F. B. O, I think not so.

Q. Show me one scar character'd on his skin:
Men's flesh preserved so whole do seldom win.

F. B. Be patient, gentle Queen.

Q. Ah, froward man,
Who can be patient in such great extreme?

F. B. Nay then, this spark will prove a raging fire,
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with.

Q. Go to, sir, I say he shall have no wrong.

F. B. Thou knowest, Madam, Friar Bacon's brazen head
Pronounced a sentence; thus it said:—'Time is,
Time was, and Time is past.'

Q. Time is past, indeed:
My life, my fame, my glory, all are past.
Villain! I'll set a point against thy breast.
If thou dost not use most dear employment
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heaven I will tear thee joint by joint,
And strew a hungry churchyard with thy limbs:
The time and my intents are savage wild,
More fierce and more inexorable far,
Than empty tigers or the roaring sea.
Put not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury. O, begone!

F. B. What I believe, your Majesty, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.

Q. You cannot make gross sins look clear.

F. B. To revenge is no valor, but to bear.
And Madam, under favor, pardon me,
If I speak like a captain.

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threats? Sleep upon't.

Q. And let our foes quietly cut our throats
Without repugnancy? If there be
Such valor in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? Why then, women are more valiant
That stay at home, if bearing carry it;
And the ass, more captain than the lion;
The fellow loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,
If wisdom be in suffering.

F. B. O Madam,

As you are great, be pitifully good;
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?

Q. To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust,
But in defence, by mercy 'tis most just.

F. B. To be in anger, is impiety.

Q. But who is born that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.

Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd blows;
Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted
power;

Both are alike, and both alike we like:

One must prove greatest.

F. B. Believe this, Madam,

No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the King's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Becomes them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does. If he had been as you,
And you were he, you would have slipt like him;
But he, like you, would not have been so stern.

Q. I was not born to die on Essex' sword!
And this we mean to do, for that he has
(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Envied against the Crown, seeking means
To pluck away our power,—and now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That doth distribute it,—in the name o' th' people.
And in the power of us their Queen, we
Will push destruction and perpetual shame
Out of the weak door of our fainting land.

See, here in bloody lines we have set down
And what is written shall be executed ;
Your brother is to die, as his offences
Are accounted to the law.

F. B. O your Grace,
Are not you then as cruel as the sentence?
I know no law, Madam, that answering
One foul wrong, lives but to act another.

Q. Be satisfied ;
Your treacherous brother dies ; be content.

F. B. Oh, it is excellent, your Majesty,
To have a giant's strength : but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

Q. Peace, peace sir, peace.
Were I not the better part made of mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present, thou traitor.

F. B. Why do you dress me in borrowed robes?

Q. Thou art a traitor.

F. B. This is strange.

Q. Art thou not
Ever for insurrections arguing?
But he that temper'd thee, bade thee stand up,
Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that same demon that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his lion-gate walk the whole world,
He might return to vasty Tartar back,
And tell the legions, I can never win
A soul so easy as that Englishman's.
O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance! Show men dutiful?

Why so didst thou : seem they grave and learned ?

Why so didst thou : come they of noble family ?

Why so didst thou : seem they religious ?

Why so didst thou. Look to it, thou villain,

Thy life's dependent on thy brother's death.

Let our instruction to thee be thy guide,

Under penalty of thine own false head.

F. B. I do partly understand your meaning.

Q. Why then, go get thee home, thou fragment vile.

Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know

'Tis death for death, a brother for a brother :

Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure ;

Like doth quit like, and measure still for measure.

(*Exeunt.*)

Actus Quintus. Scena Tertia.

(*Star-Chamber.*)

Judges, Peers, and Lawyers. ESSEX, RUTLAND, BLOUNT, and GORGES.

Chief Justice. Lord : you (against all proportion) did
bring in

Wonder, to wait on treason, and on murder :

And whatsoever cunning fiend it was,

That wrought upon you so preposterously,

Hath got the voice in hell for excellence.

In sight of God, and us, your guilt is great ;

Receive the sentence of the law for sin,

Such as by treason are adjudg'd to death.

You four, from hence to prison, back again ;

From thence, unto the place of execution :
And may our God in mercy quit you.
By law we do deliver you ; get you hence,
(Poor miserable wretches) to your death,
The taste whereof, God of his mercy give
You patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences. Bear them hence.

Essex. You that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain :
When you are liberal of your loves and counsels,
Be sure you be not loose ; for those you make friends
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye. Oh brothers,
Take heed of yonder deformèd dog : *Cecil*
Look when he fawns, he bites ; and when he bites,
His venom'd tooth will rankle to the death :
Have not to do with him, beware of him ;
Sin, death, and hell have set their marks on him,
And all their ministers attend on him.
Do not scorn me for my gentle counsel,
Nor sooth the devil that I warn ye from.
But O, remember this another day,
When he shall split your very hearts with sorrow,
And say, poor Robert Essex was a prophet :
Or live each of you subjects to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to God's.

Cecil. My lord,—

Es. No lord of thine, thou haught, insulting man ;
No, nor no man's lord : I have no name, no title ;
No, not that name was given me at the font.

Ce. My lord, you do me shameful injury,
 Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.
 If I unwillingly, or in my rage,
 Have aught committed that is hardly borne
 To any in this presence, I desire
 To reconcile me to his friendly peace :
 'Tis death to me to be at enmity ;
 I hate it, and desire all good men's love.
 Of you, my most noble cousin Essex,
 If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us,
 If ever any malice in your heart
 Was hid 'gainst me, I do beseech your Grace,
 For charity, now to forgive me.

Es. The fires i' th' lowest hell infold you, dog.

Ce. Nay, temperately, thou great traitor.

Es. Dost call me traitor, thou injurious slave ?
 Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
 In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
 Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,
 Thou liest unto thee, with a voice as free
 As I do pray to God.

Ce. Mark you this, lords ?

Es. Nay, all of you, that stand and look at me
 Whil'st that my wretchedness doth bait myself,—
 Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
 Showing an outward pity ; yet you Pilates
 Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
 And water cannot wash away your sin.

C. J. My lord, dispatch ; read o'er these articles.

Es. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see :
 And yet salt water blinds them not so much,
 But they can see a sort of traitors here.

Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
I find myself a traitor with the rest.

Ce. You speak, my lord, as if you were a god.

Es. As for my country, I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force: so shall my lungs
Coin words till their decay, against these measles
Which I disdain should tetter me.

Ce. Yet sought
The very way to catch them!

C. J. What ho, there!

(*Enter Soldiers.*)

See them deliver'd over
To execution, and the hand of death.

(*Exeunt.*)

Actus Quintus. Scena Quarta.

(*Street in London.*)
Enter Two Gentlemen.

First Gent. Whither away so fast?

Second Gent. God save ye.

Why neighbour, here walk I to find you out.

F. G. Come, come, sans compliment.

S. G. Brief then, good sir,

Ev'n to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great Earl of Essex and of Ewe.

F. G. I'll save you that labour.

Sir, all's now done, but the ceremony

Of bringing back the prisoner.

S. G. Were you there?

F. G. Yes indeed was I.

S. G. Pray speak; what has happened?

F. G. You may guess quickly.

S. G. What! Is he found guilty?

F. G. Yes truly is he,

And condemn'd upon't.

S. G. I am sorry for't.

F. G. So are numbers more.

S. G. But pray, how pass'd it?

F. G. I'll tell you in a little. The great Earl
Came to the bar, where to his accusations
He pleaded still, not guilty, and alledg'd
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law,—
Yea, with a splitting power and made to tremble
The region of my breast,—then brought they in
Those who conspir'd with him.

S. G. Gorges was one
Who fed him with his promises.

F. G. The same;
All these accus'd him strongly, which he fain
Would have flung from him, but indeed he could not.
And so his peers upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.

S. G. After all this, how did he bear himself?

F. G. When he was brought again to th' bar to hear
His knell rung out, his judgment, he was stirr'd
With such agony, he sweat extremely,
And something spake in choler, ill and hasty:

But he fell to himself again, and sweetly
In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.

S. G. Prithee, let's go and see him.

F. G. Stay here, sir,

And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.
Look where he comes.

S. G. Stand close and behold him.

(Enter Essex from his arraignment, Tipstaves before him; the axe with the edge towards him. Halberds on each side, accompanied by the common people.)

Guard. Prepare there!

The Earl is coming; see the barge be ready,
And fit it with such furniture as suits
The greatness of his person.

Essex. Nay, good sir,

Let it alone; my state will now but mock me.
When I came hither, I was Lord High Marshal,
And Earl of Essex; now am I nothing:
Yet am I richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant.
All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die; yet Heaven bear witness,
And, if I have a conscience, let it sink me
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful.
The law I bear no malice for my death,
'T has done upon the premises, but justice:
But those that sought it, I could wish more Christians:
(Be what they will) I heartily forgive 'em;

Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief.
 Friends and neighbours, you few that lov'd me,
 And dare be bold to weep for Robert Essex,
 His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
 Is only bitter to him, only dying,
 Go with me like good angels to my end;
 And as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
 Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
 And lift my soul to Heaven.
 Pray for me.

I must now forsake ye, for the last hour
 Of my long weary life is come upon me:
 Farewell: and when you would say something that is sad,
 Speak how I fell.

I have done; and God forgive me.

Lead on, a God's name.

(*Exeunt.*)

Actus Quintus. Scena Quinta.

(*Garden of the Palace.*)

Flourish. Enter QUEEN and Two Ladies.

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this
 garden,

To drive away the heavy thought of care?

Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowles.

Q. Soft, I pray thee;

Who comes here so fast?

(*Enter Lady Essex, Child, and Francis Bacon.*)

Ha! I like not this.

How now, mistress, upon what cause com'st thou?

What wouldst thou?

Lady Essex. O my royal Sovereign,
My heart is crack'd.

Q. How crack'd? inform me.

L. E. Alas, I am a woman, friendless, hopeless;
My husband at death's door. O give me leave
And let me kiss my lord before I die,
And let me die with kissing of my lord.
Make not the law a tyrant, gracious Queen.

Q. Peace lady, peace; he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of the public power,
Which he so sets at naught.

L. E. O madam!

Q. Peace!

And such a one as he, who puts his shall,
His popular shall, against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece!—by Jove himself,
It makes the country base! and my soul aches
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by th' other. Yea, he must die.

L. E. O let him live! consider further:
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent,
And must be buried but as an intent
That perished by th' way: thoughts are no subjects,
Intents, but merely thoughts.

Q. Merely, madam?

He's traitor to th' height,—a giant traitor.

Here's his period: to sheathe his knife in us
 Was his intent. We could not live in freedom
 And this man out of prison,
 Who being accus'd a crafty murderer,
 His guilt should be but idly posted over
 Because his purpose is not executed.

L. E. Madam, 'tis true.

Q. And were't not madness then
 To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
 So, the poor chicken should be sure of death.

L. E. God mend all!

Madam, I'll take my leave.

Francis Bacon. Give't not o'er so;
 To her again, entreat her, dear lady;
 Kneel down before her, hang upon her gown;
 You are too cold: if you should need a pin
 You could not with more tame a tongue
 Desire it: to her, I say.

L. E. Alas! What poor
 Ability's in me to do him good?

F. B. Assay the power you have.

L. E. My power, alas, I doubt.

F. B. Our doubts are traitors

And make us lose the good we oft might win
 By fearing to attempt; weep, kneel and pray.

L. E. Must he needs die?

Q. Madam, no remedy.

L. E. Yet I do think that you might pardon him,
 And neither heaven, nor man, grieve at th' mercy.

Q. I will not do 't.

L. E. But if you would, you can.

Q. Ha! what I will not, that I cannot do.

L. E. But you might do't and do the world no wrong,
If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse,
As mine is to him.

Q. He is sentenc'd:
'Tis too late, too late, and you are too cold.
If he find mercy in the law, he may;
If none, let him not seek't of us.

L. E. Alack!
If you had so offended him, he would
Have weigh'd you by your deeds, and not have cut
You off, Madam.

Q. O harp not on that string!
Your husband must die to-morrow: no more,
My will may not be alter'd: away!
Let him be furnish'd with divines,
And have all charitable preparations.

F. B. Then thou wilt, like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprays,
That look too lofty in thy commonwealth:
All must be even in thy government.

Q. Hold thy peace!
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring,
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf:
The weeds, that his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,
That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,
Are now pullèd up, root and all, by me;
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers,
I will root all away. Avoid! begone!

F. B. O God! I fear thy justice will take hold
On thee and me, on mine and thine, for this.

Q. I have no further gone in this, than by

A single voice; and that not pass'd me, but
 By learnèd approbation of the judges. If I am
 Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither know
 My faculties nor person, yet will be
 The chronicles of my doings,—let me say
 'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
 That virtue must go through. We must not stint
 Our necessary actions, in the fear
 To cope malicious censurers, which ever,
 As rav'nous fishes, do a vessel follow
 That is new trimm'd, but benefit no further
 Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
 By sick interpreters (once weak ones) is
 Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft,
 Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
 For our best act. If we shall stand still,
 In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
 We should take root here where we sit,
 Or sit, state statues only.

F. B. Things done well,

And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
 Things done without example, in their issue
 Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
 Of this execution? I believe not any.
 You must not rend your subjects from your laws,
 And stick them in your will. Why, when you take
 From every tree, lop bark and part o' th' timber;
 And leave it with the root thus hack'd,
 The air will drink the sap.

Q. Advise yourself.

The peace of England, and our person's safety,
 Enforce us to this execution,

To warn false traitors from the like attempts.
We now have sworn to weed and pluck away
Such caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
And that embodied figure of the thought
That gave surmisèd shape. *

But mark you, sir, degree being vizarded,
The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets and this centre,
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, all in line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet Sol
In noble eminence, enthron'd and spher'd
Amidst the other, whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandments of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad. But when the planets,
In evil mixture to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents, what mutiny?
What raging of the sea? shaking of earth?
Commotions in the winds? Frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states,
Quite from their fixture. Oh, when degree is shak'd,
(Which is the ladder to all high designs)
The enterprise is sick. How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brother-hoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenitive, and due of birth,

Prerogative of age, crown, sceptres, laurels,
 (But by degree) stand in authentic place?
 Take but degree away, untune that string,
 And hark! what discord follows; each thing meets
 In mere oppugnancy. The bounded waters,
 Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
 And make a sop of all this solid globe;
 Strength should be lord of imbecility,
 And the rude son should strike his father dead;
 Force should be right, or rather, right and wrong,
 (Between whose endless jar justice resides)
 Should lose her names, and so should justice too.
 Then everything includes itself in power,
 Power into will, will into appetite,
 And appetite (an universal wolf)
 Must make perforce an universal prey,
 And last, eat up himself: therefore tis meet
 For this rebellion he should die.

F. B. Madam,

To guard a title that was rich before,
 To gild refinèd gold, to paint the lily,
 To throw a perfume upon the violet,
 To smooth the ice, or add another hue
 Unto the rain-bow, or with taper-light,
 To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
 Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

Q. You know not what you speak! I'll see that he
 Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:
 Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd,
 For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.

F. B. Well! heaven forgive him, and forgive us all;
 Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall;

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Some run from brakes of ice, and answer none,
And some condemnèd for a fault alone:
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again;
That she may long live here, God say, Amen.

(*Exeunt.*)

Actus Quintus. Scena Sexta.

(*Dungeon in the Tower.*)

Enter ROBERT EARL OF ESSEX.

Essex. No bending knee will call me Cæsar now,
No humble suitors prease to speak for right,
No, not a man comes for redress of me;
For how can I help them and not myself,
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desperately to find it out?
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be merry as the day is long;
And so I should be here, but that I doubt
That Cecil practices more harm to me:
He is afraid of me and I of him.

(*Knocking heard.*)

Who knocks there?

(*Enter Jailor.*)

Jailor. My lord, one comes to greet you.

(*Enter Bacon.*)

Es. What art thou? And how com'st thou hither,
Where no man ever comes but that sad dog
That brings me food to make misfortune live?

Give us a light there, hoa!

(*Light brought*)

O thou damn'd cur,
Whom to call brother would infect my mouth,—
Get thee gone, thou most wicked sir.

F. B. My lord,

I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful;
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Among the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth in your affairs, my lord.
If ever I were willful-negligent
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities that honesty
Is never free of. But, beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass
By its own visage; if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine. Speak, my lord.

Es. Ha, ha, ha!

F. B. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this
hour.

Es. Why? I have not another tear to shed:
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watery eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears;
Then which way will I find revenge's cave?

F. B. Despair not, my lord.

Es. Who shall hinder me?

I will despair, and be at enmity
With coz'ning hope; he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hopes linger in extremity.
O thou damnable fellow! thou coward!
Thou cursèd Cain, to slay thy brother Abel!
Soft conscienc'd man; to please our mother,
Thou help'st to kill me. Thou congealèd ice,
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason.

F. B. O, if I could, what grief should I forget!

O, I am pale at heart to see thine eyes
So red! Thou must be patient.

Es. Away, fool!

What! think'st thou that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first-conceivèd sound?
Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words.

(Bacon starts to embrace him.)

Lay not thy hands on me; forbear I say;
Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!

F. B. Is it my fault that I was forc'd to plead?
No, indeed, 'twas not. How much thou wrong'st me,
Heaven be my judge.

Es. O have done, have done!

So dear I lov'd thee, man, that I must weep:
I took thee for the plainest harmless creature,

That breath'd upon the earth, a Christian ;
 Made thee my book, wherein my soul recorded
 The history of all her secret thoughts.
 O momentary grace of mortal men,
 Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
 Who builds his hope in air of thy good looks,
 Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
 Ready with every nod to tumble down,
 Into the fatal bowels of the deep ;
 And I, in such a desp'rate bay of death,
 Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,
 Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

F. B. My lord, my lord!—

Es. Go, coward as thou art !

Go, base intruder, over-weening slave,
 Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates,
 And think my patience, (more than thy desert)
 Is privilege for thy departure hence!
 Thank me for this, more than for all the favours
 Which (all too-much) I have bestow'd on thee.
 My comfort is, that heaven will take my soul,
 And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

F. B. Now God keep you, my gracious lord Earl.
 If that black scandal, or foul-fac'd reproach,
 Attend the sequel of your imposition,
 Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
 From all the impure blots and stains thereof ;
 For God doth know, and you may partly see,
 How far I am from the desire of this.
 I would to heaven I were in your place,
 Within this loathsome dungeon, here to pine
 Away my pining youth and fading breath.

Es. O God! what mischief work the wicked ones,
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!
O God, O God, O God! consumptions sow
In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quilllets shrilly: hoar the prophet,
That scold'st against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself. Down with the nose,
Down with it flat, take the bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foresee
Smells from the general weal. Make curl'd pate ruffians
bald;

And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from thee. Plague all.
O devils, devils, devils!
Pluck the grave wrinkled judges from the bench,
And minister in their steads to general filths.
Convert o' th' instant green virginity,
Do't in their parent's eyes. Bankrupts, hold fast
Rather than render back; out with thy knives,
And cut thy trusters' throats! Bound servants, steal!
Large-handed robbers thy grave masters are,
And pill by law! Maid, to thy master's bed;
Thy mistress is o' th' brothel! Some of sixteen
Pluck the lyn'd crutch from thy old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains! piety and fear,
Religion unto God, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighborhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to thy confounding contraries.

And yet confusion live! Plagues incident to men,
 Thy potent and infectious fevers heap
 On England, ripe for stroke! thou cold sciatica,
 Cripple our counsellors, that their limbs may halt
 As lamely as their manners! lust and liberty
 Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
 That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
 And drown themselves in riot! itches, blains,
 Sow all the English bosoms, and their crop
 Be general leprosy! breath infect breath,
 That their society (as their friendship) may
 Be merely poison! Let courts and cities be
 Made all of false-fac'd soothing!—
 Look thou, who comes here?

(*Enter Lord Keeper.*)

Lord Keeper. Sir, away! away!

Ha! I have said away!

F. B. What? I am fearful! wherefore frowns he
 thus?

All's not well.

L. K. Mr. Bacon, away, away!

F. B. You speak a language that I understand not.
 Have you no countermand for Essex yet,
 But he must die to-morrow?

L. K. None sir, none.

F. B. As near the dawning, keeper, as it is,
 You shall hear more ere morning.

L. K. Happily

You something know; yet I believe there comes
 No countermand; no such example have we:
 Besides, upon the very siege of justice,
 Her Majesty hath to the public ear

Profess'd the contrary. If you be pleas'd,
Retire sir.

F. B. My lord, I will even take my leave of you.
I pray you, sir, take patience; I have hope,
You less know how to value her desert,
Than she to scant her duty. So farewell.

Es. So part we sadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

(*Exit Bacon.*)

Who's within there? ho!

(*Enter Jailers.*)

Ha! who's here?

What would'st thou, fellow? and how cam'st thou hither?

First Jailer. I would speak with you, and I came
hither

On my legs.

Es. What! so brief?

F. J. 'Tis better sir than to be tedious:
Let him see our commission, and talk no more.

L. K. I am, in this, commanded to deliver
The noble Earl of Essex to your hands.
I will not reason what is meant thereby.

(*Exit Keeper.*)

F. J. Oh, he is bold, and blushes not at death.

Es. Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!

F. J. There's the great traitor.

Second Jailer. Ingrateful fox, 'tis he.

F. J. Bind fast his corky arms.

Es. Help,—help,—help,—help!

Here's a man would murder me. Help,—help,—help!
I will not struggle, I will stand stone still.

F. J. Bind him, I say.

S. J. Hard, hard! O filthy traitor!

F. J. Give me the iron I say, and bind him here:
To this chair bind him.

Es. Let me not be bound:

Alas, why need you be so boisterous rough?

O I am undone, O I am undone!

Do me no foul play, friend!

F. J. Read here, traitor.

Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Es. How now, foolish rheume;

Must you, with hot irons, burn out both mine eyes?

O Heaven, that there were but a moth in yours,

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,

Any annoyance in that precious sense:

Then feeling what small things are boisterous there,

Your vile intents must needs seem horrible.

O spare mine eyes, though to no use but still to look on
you!

Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold

And would not harm me. O men, if you will,

Cut out my tongue, so that I may still keep

Both mine eyes to see.

F. J. To see some mischief!

See shall thou never: (fellows, hold the chair:)

Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot!

Es. He that will think to live till he be old,

Give me some help!—O save me,—save me!—help!

(*They tear out one of his eyes.*)

O cruel! O God,—O God,—O God! my eyes are out!

Oh, I am slain!

F. J. My lord, you have one eye left!

One side will mock another; th' other too.

Out, vile jelly! where is thy lustre now?

(They tear out the other eye.)

Es. All dark and comfortless!—

O God, enkindle all the sparks of nature

To quit this horrid act.

F. J. Away with him; lead him unto the block.

(Exeunt Omnes.)

BACON AND DECIPIERER.

“Away, with me, all you whose souls abhor
Th’ uncleanly savors of a slaughter-house.”

“O, I am stifled with this smell of sin!
I am best pleas’d to be from such a deed.

“Thou sheer, immaculate, and silver fountain
From whence this stream, through muddy passages
Hath had his current, and defil’d himself,
Thy overflow of good, converts the bad,
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing friend.
Now he is gone, I do but stay behind
To do for him the office of revenge,
And then my soul shall wait on his to heaven,
As it on earth had been his servant still.
O God, O God! I wish the wicked Queen
Had cut off my head with my poor brother’s.”

“Nay do not banish reason; show wisdom
In close patience.”

“Many that are not mad,
Have sure more lack of reason. Look thou, sir,
His head is off, his eyes pluck’d out; and I
Must hide the faults, seem true and gracious,
Be a suitor unto his substitutes,
Or go to prison. Shall I continue?”

“I am your free dependent.”

“Peace, here comes
The villain that did murder my dear lord!
What black magician conjures up this fiend?
I beseech you look, sir; here comes to him
The steelèd jailer and his cut-purse friend.
Oh ’tis an accident Heaven provides!
Let’s step into the shadow of these trees,
And listen to them.”

Jailer. I do beseech you,

O good my lord, that I may speak with you.

Cecil. What's the matter with you now, my masters?

Ja. Why, stay and hear me speak.

Ce. Not now, not now ;

I'll speak with nobody : I have much to do.

Ja. Come sir, come sir, come sir ; the prince is dead,
And we claim the promise at your grace's hand,
And look to have it yielded with all kindness.

Ce. Get you hence, instantly ! for look you, sirs,
Dogs are often beat for barking.

Ja. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see the day :
Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine,
See if thou canst out-face me with thy looks.
Set limb to limb and thou art far the lesser ;
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist ;
Thy leg a stick, compar'd with this truncheon ;
My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast ;
And if mine arm be heav'd in the air,
Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.
Did'st thou not tell us to torture and oppress,
Villify, torment and crucify him ?
Starve, vex, gall, tyrannize and insult him ?
To put out both his eyes, that they might serve
For buttons to his lips to keep his tongue
From catching cold ?

Ce. Out, treacherous villain !

Is't not enough to break into my garden,
And like a thief to come to rob my ground,
Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,
But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms ?

Ja. Brave thee? ay, by the best blood that ever was
broach'd,

And heard thee too.

Ce. Thou miserable wretch :

I was not born to sue but to command.

Upon mine own free-hold, with forty feet

Of gallows conning thy neck, thou shalt hang.

Ja. What, coward! If I be hang'd look to it,
Whither I go, thither shalt thou go too.

Ce. Peace!

Second Jailer. Hear the cryer.

Ce. What the devil art thou!

S. J. One that will play the devil, sir, with you,
And a may catch your hide and you alone.

You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,

Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard;

I'll smoke your skin-coat, and I catch you right;

Sirrah, look too't; yfaith I will, yfaith.

Ce. Well, well, put up your sword.

Ja. Say then my peace is made.

Ce. I will excuse you both, and for his death
No wind of blame shall breathe against you, sirs;

Even his mother shall not lay a fault on you.

Come, go with me, speak fair; you may salve so.

Ja. I'll follow sir, as they say, for reward.

S. J. He that rewards me, heaven reward him.

(Exit Cecil and Jailers.)

“This is the cruel man that was employ'd
To execute that execrable tragedy,
And you can witness with me this is true.”

“This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.”

Sir Francis Bacon's Cipher Story.

The series of deciphered writings from the Shakespearean Plays, the stage plays of Marlow, the works of Peele, Green, Spenser and Burton, has reached the sixth book, and others in process of translation. The character and scope of the matter so far deciphered, will be indicated by the following

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Synopsis of "The Historical Tragedy of Mary Queen of Scots."

ACT I.—*Scene 1.*—Interview between Queen Elizabeth and Counsellor Francis Bacon. The Law of Treason. * * * Queen Elizabeth commands the presence of Leicester, who arranges to bring Mary to his house in London for an interview.

Scene 2.—Banquet room at house of Leicester. Leicester and Mary at banquet table. Queen Elizabeth secretly enters; hides behind statue. Mary proposes marriage to Leicester. They to be rulers of the French, English and Scottish realms. Elizabeth steps forth,
"Doth Scotland make your Majesty our judge?"

Mary in surprised alarm,

"Alas, I am undone! It is the Queen."

Interview between Elizabeth and Mary; withdrawal of Elizabeth and Leicester.

ACT II.—*Scene 1.*—In front of Tower; time, midnight. Stormy interview between Queen Elizabeth and Leicester; the jealous Queen declares his banishment; thrusts him away and enters. Leicester in rage:

"I'll empty all these vials, and shed my blood

Drop by drop 'till th' earth ere I will go!

Let my soul want mercy if I do not join

With Scotland, in her behalf."

Enter Francis Bacon, who counsels a different course. Leicester requests Bacon to plead for him to the Queen.

Scene 2.—Audience room of Palace. Bacon pleads for Leicester; calls upon himself the wrath of the Queen; takes leave.

"No power I have to speak, I know.

And so, farewell, I, and my griefs will go."

Enter Leicester; begs that he be not banished; Queen repents.

"Restrain thy apprehension; I will lay trust upon thee,

And thou shalt find I will preserve and love thee.

I have conferred on thee the commandment of mine army beyond the sea."

ACT III.—*Scene 1.*—Council Chamber of Palace. Lords seated at table; Queen on the throne; Elizabeth announces that Leicester is to command her armies in Ireland. Strongly opposed by the Lord Chancellor; Leicester accused of treason. The Queen overrules the council; makes him General and administers the oath.

Scene 2.—Council Chamber—twelve months later. Queen Elizabeth presents the treasons of Mary Queen of Scots; gives letter of commission for her trial.

ACT IV.—*Scene 1.*—Room in Fotheringay Castle; lords, knights, captains, lawyers and gentlemen in attendance. Queen Mary before the Court; notes the absence of the English Queen; demands her presence—Will be tried by her peers, and not by servants of lesser degree; Council show warrant. Mary denies the charges; so impresses and moves the Court that Chief Justice suddenly adjourns the Court to London, fearing that by her eloquence and beauty she be acquitted

Scene 2.—Room in Tower of London; Court convenes to convict Mary; Montague speaks strongly for her; members cry Guilty! guilty!

ACT V.—*Scene 1.*—Palace of the Queen, Elizabeth and train.

"Q. E. Fie, what a slug is Warwick, he comes not

To tell us whether they will that she shall die or no.

Ah! In good time here comes the sweating lord." (Enter Warwick.)

He announces the decision of "guilty." Enter Lords of Council; they present Elizabeth the warrant for Mary's death. *She does not sign it.*

"Q. E. My lord, I promise to note it cunningly;

But here come the ambassadors of our brothers of France and Spain."

Enter ambassadors, who plead for the life of Mary.

Scene 2.—Street in London. Enter Burleigh and Secretary of the Queen (Davison); met by Leicester. All enter a public house.

Scene 3.—Private room; Burleigh and Leicester force the Secretary to forge the Queen's name to the warrant for Mary's execution.

Scene 4.—Chamber in Fotheringay Castle—Queen Mary and maids. Enter English Lords.

"Q. M. Welcome, my lords.—Why do you come. Is't for my life?"

Lord Shrewsbury. 'Tis now midnight, and by eight tomorrow thou must be made immortal.

Q. M. How! My lord! Tomorrow? tomorrow! Oh! that's sudden.

Oh! this subdues me quite.

* * * *

Good, good my lord, if I must die tomorrow,

Let me have some reverend person

To advise, comfort and pray with me." (This is refused.)

Scene 5.—Hall of Fotheringay Castle, hung with black. Platform and block at end. English Lords and Gentlemen, executioner, and assistants.

Enter Queen Mary dressed in black and red velvet gown. The executioner assures her

"I will be as speedy in your death as all the poisonous potions in the world,

And you shall feel no pain."

Mary addresses the Lords, denies the charges, asserting that they shed innocent blood.

"And if you tell the heavy story right,

Upon my soul the heavens will shed tears,

Yea, even my foes will shed fast falling tears,

And say it was a piteous deed to take me from

The world, and send my soul to heaven."

* * * *

(She kneels and prays):

"Oh God, have mercy upon me, and receive my fainting soul again! Oh be thou merciful! And let our princely sister be satisfied with our true blood which, as Thou know'st, unjustly must be spilled! Oh God, send to me the water from the well of life, and by my death stop effusion of Christian blood and 'stablish quietness on every side! Let me be blessed for the peace I make. Amen."

(Rises.)

*"Farewell, sweet Lords; let's meet in heaven
 Good my Lord of Derby, lead me to the block."*

(Speaks to Executioner.)

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HOWARD PUBLISHING CO.

Detroit, March, 1895.

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